Week ending October 15 1955
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Begins inside: THE WORLD'S MOST OUTSTANDING FOOTBALLER TELLS HIS OWN ROMANTIC AND CONTROVERSIAL STORY

CAPTAIN OF HUNGARY
by Ferenc Puskas

WHALE HUNT by Ross Cockrill | DAVID DIVINE'S gay new novel

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EDITORIAL

The dark country

OUTDOOR electric heaters are to pour down balmy warmth on winter shoppers in Birmingham streets. A new library at Cannock is to have automatic heaters in its driveway to melt snow and ice. Kidderminster traffic-police boxes are to have overhead radiant heating.

These little luxuries are being installed in communities where unlimited electricity is taken for granted. But there are many more urgent uses for electric power and light. Hundreds of thousands of people still cannot have it, because they live in the country, in farms, cottages and hamlets where current has not been laid on.

Townsfolk would be indignant if told they must wait years for electricity—and were then asked to pay perhaps £200 towards the cost of installing it.

YET this happens today to countryfolk all over Britain. Their hopes of escaping from the oil lamp and stove, and of having power to run farm machinery, look like being deferred. For the rural electricity programme, which has just reached a rate of 15,000 farms a year, is threatened by the "squeeze" on capital investment.

SIR JAMES TURNER
"We must avert the drift"

It was already frustrating enough for farm people to see bright lights across the fields, but remain unable to switch on at home. Now they are really worried. Both food supplies and rural manpower are in danger if electricity is denied to the countryside, warns the National Farmers' Union.

Its president, Sir James Turner, says: "The need to develop amenities in the country comparable with those enjoyed in the towns is urgent. Electrification is highly important if we are to avert the drift of farmworkers to the towns, with all its detrimental consequences."

MORE than 100,000 farms, and thousands of other rural homes and buildings, are still waiting for current. They should have priority over all other electric development, and priority in money for capital investment.

Until they do, we must expect exasperated outbursts like that of a country rector, the Reverend Reginald Gaul of Wragby, Lincolnshire, who recently protested: "Here in our hamlet we trim our paraffin lamps and read about plans to launch earth satellites and space rockets.

"Maybe after the trifling venture of reaching the moon has been accomplished, the authorities will attempt the gigantic task of bringing electricity a few yards down the lane."

Most countryfolk feel just the same. It irritates them to hear of heaters for town shop-window gazers while their own houses remain dark and damp.

"First things first" should be the rule in the electricity industry.

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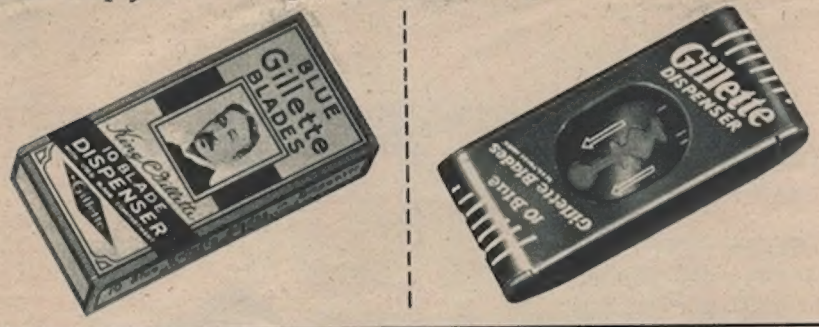
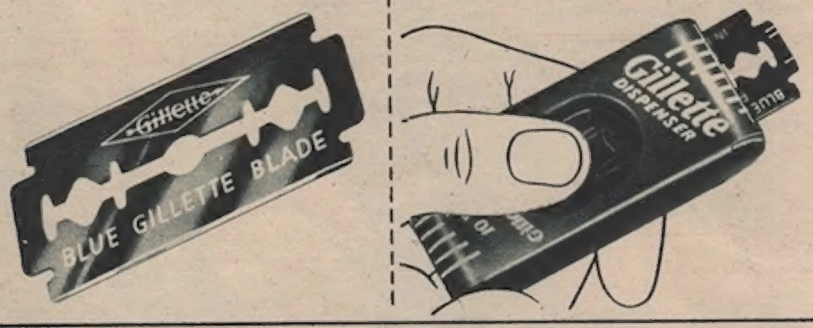
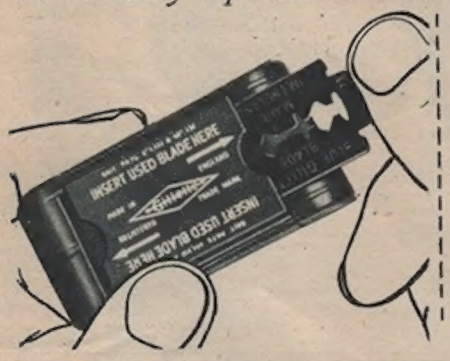


In this box there are 10 blades . . . In a flash you push one out . . .



In the back you put old blades . . . *it's a*



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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
OCT. 15 1955 VOL. 98 NO. 2572 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Safeguard the one-man businesses

EVERYBODY pays lip-service to "the little man." No political party would dare to admit that it favoured the great financial corporation against the one-man business. Yet every day Britain becomes attached more closely to the gigantic companies.

So many public houses are tied to brewery companies that a "Free House" sign is a comparative rarity. Hotels and restaurants are being bought up by chains. The private bank has almost disappeared. The big petrol companies are persuading garage owners to sell only their brands of petrol. Chain stores are opening everywhere to knock out the man with one shop.

This is happening in a democracy, where we pride ourselves that the majority rule. Is this, then, what the majority of people in Britain want? If not, when are we going to do something about it?—J. SPINK, Hull.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE CONSTANT FLAME

Keith Wilson's story of passionate and tender love between a British police officer and a beautiful Chinese girl

Ruined Mill

I THANK Miss Bentley for her delightful story "No Road" (JOHN BULL, September 17). For fifteen years I lived across the valley from the ruined Dean Head mill near Halifax, which I imagine is the one in the story. Marks on the beams in my house showed where a loom was fixed; little bridges spanned the stream, and the stones were worn smooth by the rubbing of donkeys' panniers.

As for the mill, local folk said that a man once jumped from the top of it to escape his creditors.—MRS. M. WRIGHT, Farington, Preston.

"I heard five different versions of tragedy at Dean Head mill," says Phyllis Bentley. "Although the mill is the model for the one in 'No Road,' my story is fictitious."

Through The Nose

ONE of the rules of the night school where I enrolled is that if a class has a poor attendance it can be discontinued without reparation to the remaining scholars. Since a decreasing attendance does not affect the revenue from fees already paid, classes ought to continue however small the attendance may be.—B. J. LAMING, Enfield, Middlesex.

"Fifteen students is the minimum to constitute a class in our area," says the London County Council. "Should a course be discontinued, students remaining are given the chance to transfer to another institute; or their fees may be refunded."

Nurses Must Live

AFTER four years of training and a lot of hard work, I am now a charge nurse in a paraplegic ward containing twenty-four patients. A ward orderly may be signed on without previous experience, and living in the hospital his net wage, compared with mine may be fifteen shillings a week more.

In this country the higher the nursing grade and the responsibility you have, the more you pay for your board and lodging. It is not surprising that our hospitals lack so many nurses.—W. A. P., Buckingham.

"It is true that a ward orderly, paid on the industrial rate, could be better off with overtime," says the Ministry of Health. "But a charge nurse on the professional scale obviously has better prospects."

Guinea Craze

FURNITURE, TV and radio sets,—even a European holiday advertised by a tourist agency—are priced in guineas instead of pounds, shillings and pence. Our currency is complicated enough, without quoting prices in a coin last minted in 1813.—G. FERGUSON, Markinch, Fife.

Suppress The Spivs

HOUSEHOLDERS need not fit TV suppressors until notice has been served upon them and interference is proved ("Free Speech," September 24). But the new legislation is a golden chance for profiteers. The "wide boy" who offers to fit a suppressor to the vacuum cleaner "because it's the law" should be repulsed.—E. D. B., Bedford.

Work Of Art

WHO is responsible for the wonderful new stone carving looking down on the courtyard of Somerset House?—MRS. E. HENRY, London, W.C.1.

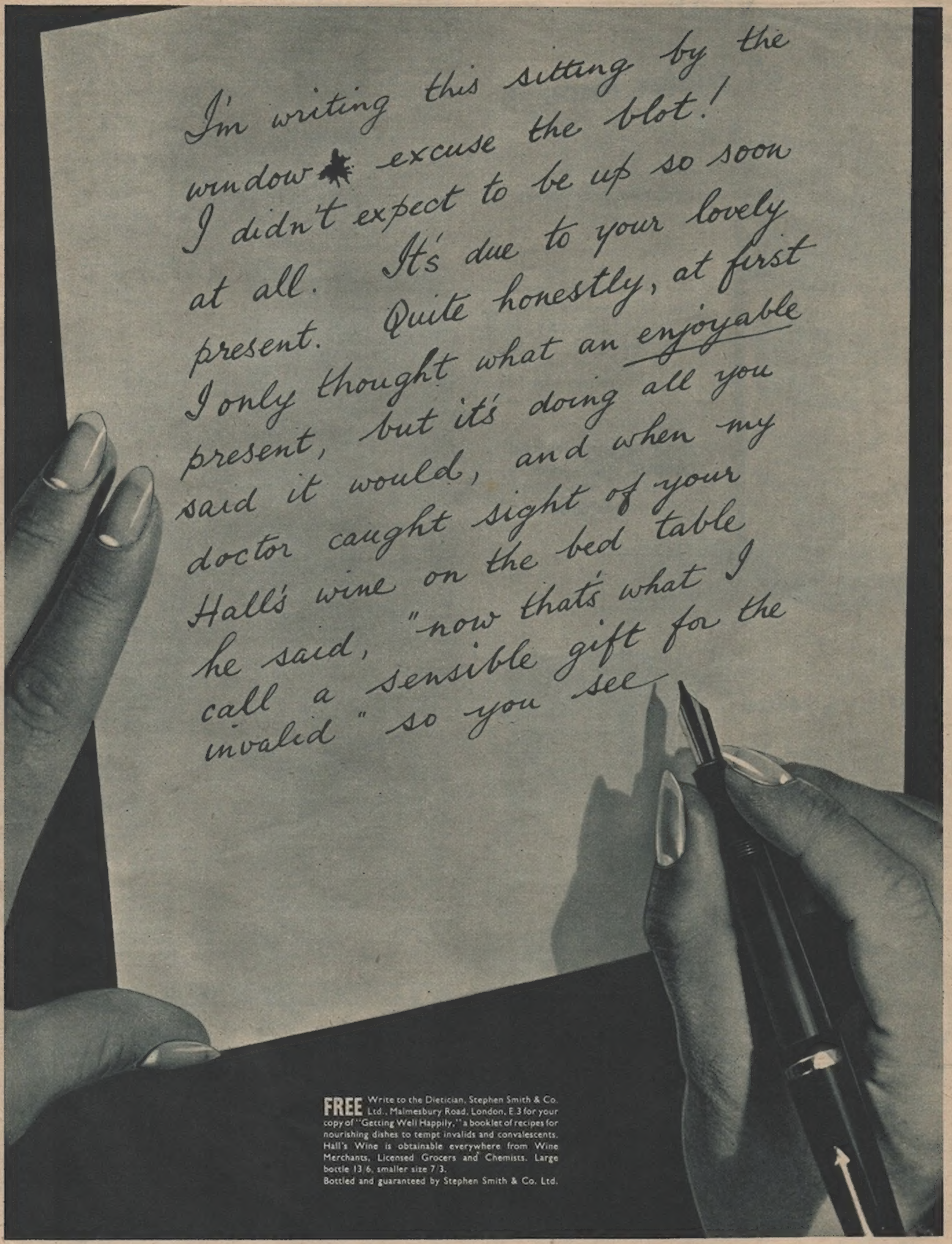
Mr. C. A. Randall, on the left in the photograph, and Mr. F. Wills (right) are two stone carvers who for eight months have worked on this beautiful King George III coat-of-arms, which now replaces a similar

work eroded and finally dismantled. Blocks of Portland stone were roughly shaped in a workshop and assembled on the parapet for detailed work under a corrugated roof.

Scroungers Abroad

A YOUTH on a ferry returning from Ostend boasted that he started his Continental tour with £2. He had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6


I'm writing this sitting by the window excuse the blot!
I didn't expect to be up so soon at all. It's due to your lovely present. Quite honestly, at first I only thought what an enjoyable present, but it's doing all you said it would, and when my doctor caught sight of your Hall's wine on the bed table he said, "now that's what I call a sensible gift for the invalid" so you see

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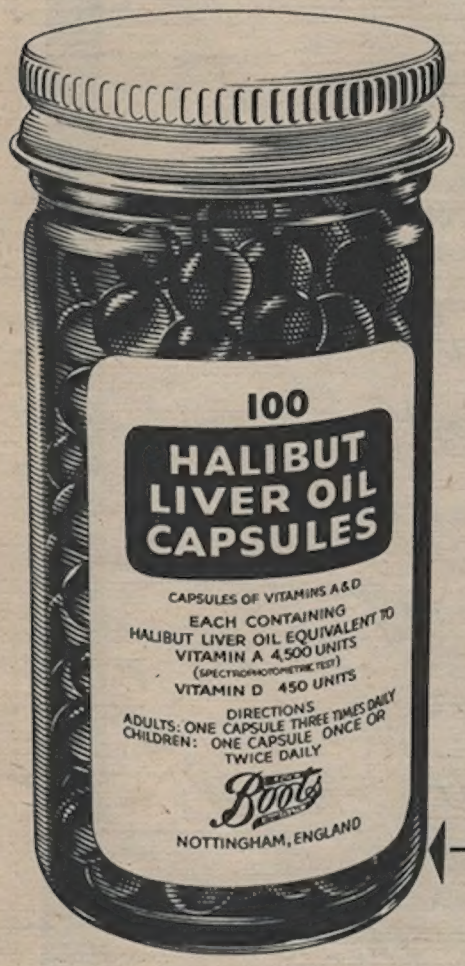
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Encourage everyone to take Boots Halibut Liver Oil capsules *every* day. This is an ideal way of giving us the sunshine vitamins we all need during the grey, sunless months. Boots Halibut Liver Oil capsules are of approved strength and quality at a price you can easily afford—they now cost *less than pre-war!*

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Boots THE CHEMISTS

REMEMBER THESE TOO!

CLEANSING COLD CREAM	MALT & COD LIVER OIL	CREMOLIA
Pure and refreshing	*Children love it!*	*Gently soothes your hands*
1/3d. handy jar 2/3d.....family jar	11b., 1/10½d. 2lb., 3/7½d; 4lb., 7/-; 7lb., 11/9d.	1/2d. handy jar 2/1d.....family jar

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

"paid his way" by taking empty milk bottles from front doorsteps and selling them to dairies. Just to make us all ashamed, he had a large Union Jack boldly painted on his rucksack.—P. T. TERRY, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

Chess For Love

THE hero of *The Chess Master* (JOHN BULL, September 24) played the game of his life to vindicate his mind. But in another game, five hundred years ago, human hearts were at stake.

Two Venetian counts, Rinaldo D'Angarano and Vieri Di Vallonara, passionately courted the fair Lionora

Marostica awaits the first move

and polished their armour to joust for her hand in marriage. But Lionora's father forbade it, and decreed a game of chess instead.

This match of love duly took place, in the castle square at Marostica in the province of Vicenza, Italy. The lovelorn counts would make their move—and promptly their family retainers would personally duplicate the move on a "board" that covered most of the square.

The game is re-staged every September, and as I watched it I thought of Vieri, who lost the original match. His consolation prize was his marriage to Lionora's aunt. —T. F. WRAY, Eastbourne.

Country's Call

SIR PHILIP JOUBERT is much mistaken if he thinks that a conscript's training takes fifteen months (JOHN BULL, September 17). I was in the R.A.F. Regiment, and my training was finished in six months. Then I spent seventeen months abroad, doing nothing but guards and fatigues. Of course, tradesmen take longer to train, but a National Service man rarely becomes one.—D. S., Eccles, Manchester.

. . . Sir Philip cannot see what use the Home Guard would be in an atomic war. But I have been taught that occupation by enemy infantry would still be needed to conquer Britain. The experts count everything —except the British character.—J. E. RAINE, Airdrie, Lanarkshire.

. . . The army has lost many trained men because of National Service. Regulars are faced every few months with more "green" material to lick into shape, always with the spectre of a boy's mother, or Member of Parliament, lurking near. Let the boys stay at home—if they are needed they will come forward. We need a well-paid, truly professional army.—T. S., Birmingham, 28.

. . . If nine months is the maximum time for a boy to serve overseas, why have so many lads been in Malaya longer? — M. ANDERSON, London, S.E.3.

Servicemen aged over eighteen, and with three months' training, may serve abroad for an unspecified period.

Out Of Season

THE visit of Mr. Falk to the island of Sylt in the North Sea ("Free Speech," September 17) recalled my visit there in very different conditions. I was one of the first to reach the island with the Eleventh Armoured Division in 1945, by driving along the sloping ramp of the Hindenburg Dam. This was constructed for rail traffic only but we used it as a highway, taking rations to the island until the rail link from Westerland to Klanxbüll was restored.—C. K. HEALEY, Tarporley, Cheshire.

Long Take-off

ACCORDING to "Red Carpet For Swans" (JOHN BULL, September 17), swans cannot take off from dry land. But at the Pevensey marshes I saw a pair of the birds airborne after running fifteen yards.

Because the swan is a large bird no doubt it cannot climb steeply, and needs very flat, open conditions before it dare attempt a take-off.—M. VINER, Bexhill, Sussex.

"Swans have been known to make a dry land take-off," says the R.S.P.C.A., "but we still have to rescue many helplessly stranded."

Hypnotic Screen

A WOMAN councillor says she will send her son, aged ten, to a boarding school "because he is TV crazy and almost illiterate" as a result of prolonged screen-gazing. Figures show that in America the average child spends thirty hours a week watching TV. Sensible parents will combat the menace, either by selling their sets or chopping them up. — R. J. BARTON, Dagenham, Essex.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY to bring the boy friend down to earth; put him on ice, dazzle him with a few Salchows, Mohawks and Choctaws and finally sweep by on a forward edge. He's bound to fall over. And, as every pretty pirouette proves, a man's centre of gravity is never so far from the ground as on an ice rink. Artist Morden saw this technique for love in a cold climate on the rink at Streatham. Morden himself can skate backwards—an ability he was very proud of until he saw Streatham's rich quota of cool, calculating ballerinas. "They're sorceresses," he says. "You pay heavily—and I mean heavily—for being tempted away from the barrier."

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THE SUPERHEAT *gives you faster* **BOILING . . .** *more thorough* **WASHING . . .** *top efficiency* **WRINGING . . .** *quicker* **EMPTYING.**

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Rheumatic misery relieved by FYNNON

Now looking the picture of health, Mr. Thomas Sterling of 'Gluvian Farm', St. Mawgan, Newquay, writes to say how Fynnon Salt brought him relief from rheumatic pain: **'. . . I suffered from . . . rheumatism in as much that on more than one occasion I had to be brought in from different parts of my farm . . . absolutely helpless followed by several days in bed . . . somebody suggested Fynnon Salt . . . now at the age of 56 I suffer little or no pain . . . I am never without a tin'.** *This letter — typical of hundreds received — can be seen at our offices.*

RHEUMATISM ATTACKS YOUNG AS WELL AS OLD

Recent findings show that, although the more persistent kinds of rheumatism develop later in life, the danger years for fibrositis, neuritis and lumbago are between 25 and 45 and that the improper elimination of waste matter from the body frequently contributes to rheumatic conditions.

How Fynnon Salt can help

Fynnon Salt makes a two-way attack on impurities.

1. It is an effective but gentle aperient, using body fluid drawn into the intestinal canal to rid the system of waste matter.

2. It is diuretic, flushing the kidneys and reducing impurities in the blood—approved treatment for many rheumatic conditions.

Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon every morning as soon as the first twinges are felt. You too will find marked relief.

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Because there may be a number of causes of rheumatism, no possible line of attack should be ignored. Many enthusiastic users of Fynnon Salt are gaining especial benefit from the additional use of Fynnon Balm—an entirely different, yet complementary, treatment bringing deep relief to underlying tissues and muscles by soothing away rheumatic pain. Either treatment can prove effective on its own, but many will obtain greatest benefit from the two treatments used in combination.

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And practical articles on these and many other subjects: Furnishing and decorating for the "indoor season"; Assemble-it-yourself furniture. How a leading designer created a flat in an attic. Garden designs by a well-known expert, Percy Cane. What to plant if your garden is waterlogged. Menus.

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- ★ **Kitchen for a country cottage and a small bungalow.**
- ★ **Three interesting Kitchen modernisations.**

NOVEMBER ISSUE

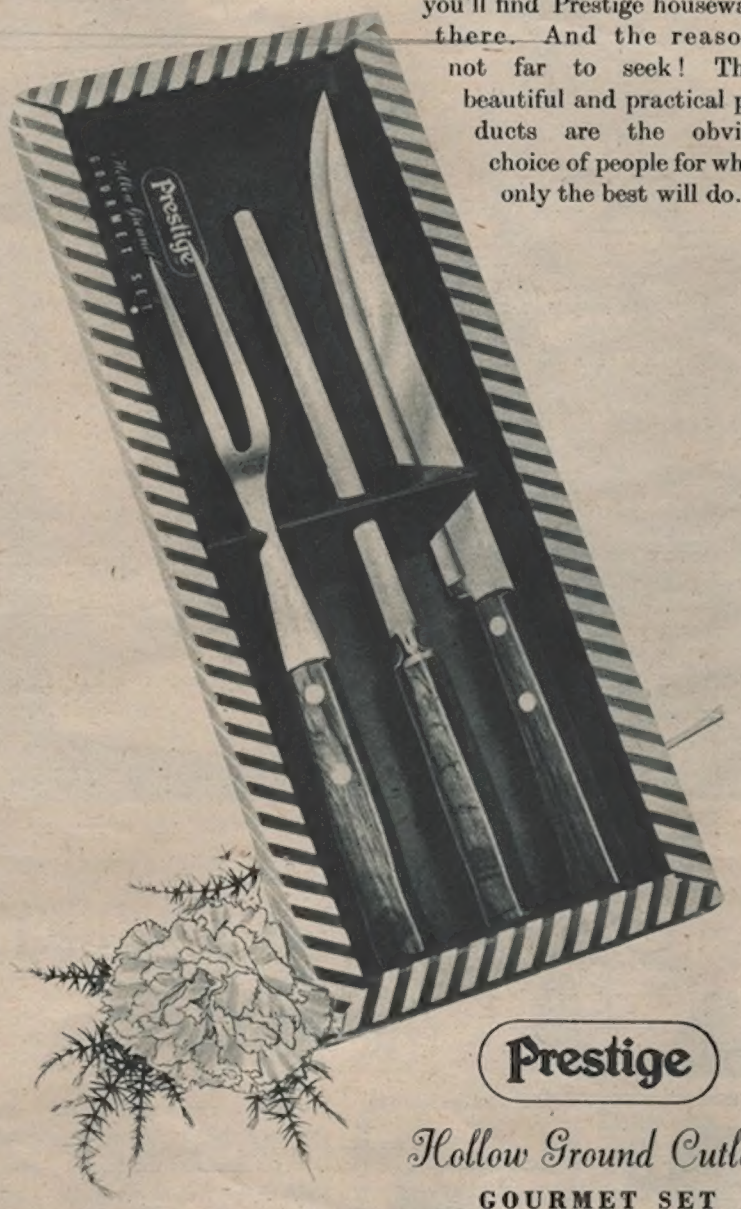
IDEAL HOME

MAGAZINE

OUT TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th -2/-

Wives of SUCCESSFUL MEN HAVE PRESTIGE

Take a peep into the kitchen of any woman whose husband has made his mark in his chosen profession. More often than not you'll find Prestige housewares there. And the reason's not far to seek! These beautiful and practical products are the obvious choice of people for whom only the best will do.



Prestige

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GOURMET SET

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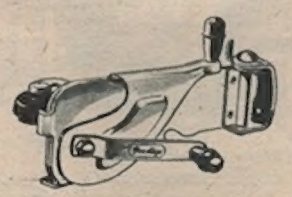
From all good stores and ironmongers

'PRESTIGE' 1900 SET
A selection of most needed kitchen tools
97/6



'PRESTIGE' WALLTYPE CAN OPENER. Magnetic action saves time and tempers. **37/6**

'PRESTIGE' IMPERIAL FOOD MIXER. Whips egg whites stiff in 28 seconds. **37/6**

Prestige

THE GREATEST NAME IN HOUSEWARES

Rafaella

by NINA WARNER HOOKE

How beautiful she was. Madame would take her to Paris, and bring her fame and riches

WHEN MADAME YEVONDE FIRST SAW HER, Rafaella was swinging along the mountain road above Sorrento. She had on a ragged red cotton dress and little else. Her feet were bare and covered with dust. On her head she carried a basket full of soil. The load must have weighed at least forty pounds, yet Rafaella moved beneath it with ease and grace.

The line of her body from chin to waist was inflexible; thence downwards it became mobile. From her hips to her small brown feet padding rhythmically in the dust she was one supple flowing movement. With one hand she balanced the basket on her head; with the other she plucked grasses from the roadside, put them in her mouth and chewed

The girl danced with wild delight—and Madame Yevonde began to make her plans

them. Every now and then she broke into song, a tuneless travesty of a popular sentimental ditty. She was very happy. The evening was warm, the sky was clear, and it was nearly time for the evening meal of *maccheroni* and *pomodoro*. What more did life offer?

For Madame Yevonde, sitting on a milestone nursing her aching feet, the evening was a good deal *too* warm; and of all the things that life had to offer, what she longed for most was a car or a *carrozza* to take her back to her villa as swiftly as possible.

She was furious with herself for having come so far. She had walked on and on, lost in thought, not noticing the distance. And now here she was, miles from anywhere, with no option but to return the way she had come.

She was extremely hot and thirsty and her smart white sandals had blistered her toes. She reflected bitterly that she had come to Sorrento for a rest. She fanned herself with her handkerchief and miserably scanned the road both ways for a passing vehicle. Had even a donkey cart come by, she would have thankfully hailed it. But none came. There was no living thing in sight but Rafaella.

EVEN from a distance the dark, approaching figure held Madame Yevonde's attention, for she was a connoisseur of deportment. Her eyes narrowed and she stopped fanning herself. She held up a finger and said, "*Un momento,*" in the kindly but imperious voice of one who has been accustomed to homage.

Her tone did not belie her, for in her time Madame Yevonde had been famous in all the capitals of Europe. She had danced before the Tsar, before the Kaiser, and at Versailles. She had been ballet mistress of the Opera in Rome. And now she owned the finest dance academy in Paris, whence a dozen stars of the ballet had winged their way to fame.

Lydia Tamonova she had been, before she married her tiresome French husband. As La Tamonova she was still welcomed in the salons of half the world. She was not forgotten, though it was twenty years since that great recital in the Coliseum in London which had marked her farewell to the public. She adored being made much of, being reminded that she was not forgotten. She was no vainer than most old women, but the memory of her hard-earned fame was very dear to her.

Rafaella bent her knees and slid the basket off her head on to the bank. It was too heavy to lift down with her arms. Then she hastened up to the foreign lady, whom she took to be feeling ill. She gazed at her, smiling anxiously, shyly.

CONFRONTED with the startling beauty of Rafaella's face, Madame Yevonde forgot her plight. She forgot her blistered toe, the growing burden of her years, her squabbles with her head assistant whose ideas on certain points of training differed strongly from her own; she forgot her persistently tiresome husband, and even the outrageous estimate she had just received for the renovation of her premises. For a moment she saw nothing but a pair of enormous lustrous eyes fringed with heavy lashes, red lips parted over dazzling teeth, a skin that was rose-gold with an overtone like the bloom on a peach.

Rafaella said: "*Desidera qualche cosa?* Do you need anything?"

"*Niente,*" Madame Yevonde answered absently. Then, like one coming out of a trance, she drew a long breath and began to fire questions at the girl.

"What is your name?"

"Rafaella Scarpa."

"How old are you?"

Fourteen, Rafaella thought. She could not be sure. "*Più o meno.*"

"Hm. A little late to begin, but no matter. I have taken others later. Where do you live?"

"*Ncoppa,*" Rafaella said, lapsing into Neapolitan. She jerked her head upward to indicate that she lived higher up the mountainside. The foreign signora was undoubtedly behaving very strangely, but she did not seem to be feeling ill. Rafaella's great eyes were less anxious and she gave all her attention now to answering the questions.

The next one was very surprising.

"Can you dance the tarantella?"

"*Si.*"

"Dance it, then. Show me the first few steps. I will hum the tune."

A PASSER-BY would have thought the spectacle odd, to say the least of it. Perched on her milestone Madame Yevonde hummed the tune "Piedigrotta," while Rafaella danced in the dust.

She had pulled off the scarf which bound her hair and held an end of it in each hand, waving it about her body in the intricate motions of the dance. She laughed with delight all the time. Her brown feet flew. Her hair was a cloud about her face, the dust a cloud about her feet.

At last Madame Yevonde called, "*Basta!*" And very nice, too, she thought. The experiment had fulfilled her wildest hopes. Rafaella laughed while she danced. She gave her body to movement with rapture.

Madame Yevonde had seen many pretty Italian peasant girls, and many who walked like goddesses; but never, till now, one whose body and soul were made for dancing. Usually they were stiff as ramrods. They lacked the wild and laughing spirit. When they tried to dance, their strong muscles were all at odds, like willing slaves without a master.

When the child stopped and stood beside her, panting a little, awaiting the next peculiar command, Madame Yevonde stared at her with the grimly critical eyes of the impresario.

She noted the strong, slim ankles, the arches of the feet. Her gaze ranged upwards. Rafaella seemed to have outgrown the red cotton dress. It was taut across her firm young breasts. Her hair fell to her waist, curling, black as night.

MADAME YEVONDE gave a sigh, then a curious little grunt, as though she had come to some pleasurable decision. She said abruptly: "Will you take me to your house and give me a glass of milk?"

"*Si, signora.*"

Rafaella bound up her hair again and replaced the ragged pad which protected her scalp. Then she went across the road to the bank, bent her knees and manoeuvred the basket on to her head. From habit her brown hands plucked at the grasses by the roadside, but she did not put the stems into her mouth and chew them because it would have seemed disrespectful.

"Where are you taking that load of soil?"

"To Gioacchino," Rafaella said.

It was special soil, enriched with phosphates. Gioacchino was her *fidanzato*. He was making a vineyard. She had carried seven loads already that day.

Feeling somewhat less in awe of her companion she began to talk more freely. She often worked for Gioacchino. Her father had so many children that he could well spare one of them. Besides, the more money Gioacchino made, the sooner he would be able to marry her, and that would mean one mouth less for her father to feed.

Gioacchino, like her father, was a good farmer. He had two pigs, a wheatfield and many olive trees. But he had no vineyard. His *terreno* was too steep and dry. So he had built a little terrace below his house and dug a trench to bring water. Later, when enough soil had been brought, he would plant the vines.

At this point the signora fired another queer question at her. She was full of them "Are

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Prince Boukhovitch spent five one Saturday. She seemed happy

you in love with this Gioacchino? Do you want to marry him?"

Rafaella stared. Love? What had love to do with it, or wanting? She had been betrothed for a year. Her father, with Don Anselmo, the priest, and the mother of Gioacchino, had arranged it. Naturally she would marry him. It had been arranged. It was not for her to question the arrangements of parents and priests.

Of course, she would have no dower. Her father was poor. But he was proud, too. He would not let her come empty-handed to Gioacchino, so he was giving her two she-goats. Two beautiful she-goats. One of them gave

hours with Rafaella at the costumiers
and absorbed in all these preparations

three litres a day. Think of that, said Rafaella.

But the signora's thoughts were elsewhere. She was meditating upon the vagaries of destiny. If she had not come for such a long walk and sat down on a milestone to rest, Gioacchino the farmer would have got Rafaella in the fullness of time, and two she-goats along with her.

By this time they had reached the village. Groups of small houses straggled at intervals along the steep road. Children tumbled and played in the dust. So many children—scores of them, it seemed, to every house. Women stood in the doorways gossiping; unkempt, shapeless hulks of women, their faces already wrinkled and lined, though many were still young. Many had been beautiful, not so long ago.

Madame Yevonde shuddered. Without her intervention, the years would have made of Rafaella just another peasant woman in a doorway, her face prematurely aged, her lovely body stretched and coarsened with the endless toil and child-bearing. One every year, regular as the seasons. Maybe three in thirty months.

"Look," she said fiercely. "Do you want to become like that?"

Rafaella's mouth fell open in amazement. What did the signora mean? What was wrong with the women indicated by her scornful finger? Many of them were her relatives. They were good. They were happy. They had many children. . . . She did not know what to answer: but just then her attention was diverted to something else. They were passing a house set back a little from the road. Near it a man was digging.

"*Eccolo!*" she exclaimed proudly. "There is Gioacchino."

He looked just as Madame Yevonde had expected. A brawny young labourer with calloused hands and patient stolid face. Once again she shuddered. She had to wait a few minutes while Rafaella delivered the load of soil. Then they went on together to a dilapidated building farther up the road.

Giuseppe Scarpa examined his visitor with awe and surprise. She was stout and no longer beautiful, but she was inexpressibly elegant. He ushered her into the living-room, which was also the kitchen, and summoned his elder daughters to minister to her. He had no wife, he said. She had died of a fever, after the last of the *bambini*.

One of the girls went to milk the goat, one brought a pan of water, a third knelt to pull off the white kid sandals. The smaller children stood round in a tranced and silent circle, sucking their grimy thumbs.

When her aching feet had been sponged, her blisters salved with olive oil, and her thirst quenched, Madame Yevonde felt like a lion refreshed. She led Giuseppe into a small shed off the kitchen and began to talk business.

It was more difficult than she had anticipated.

Why did she want to take Rafaella away, Giuseppe demanded. His manner was no longer awed and humble, but that of a man rather arrogantly on his guard.

"I shall train her to be a dancer."

A *dancer*? Oh. But dancers were immoral women. What would become of his daughter in a big city so far away from Italy? Paris was an immoral city. Besides, she was betrothed to Gioacchino.

"I will make her famous. She will become very rich," Madame Yevonde said softly. "She will send you so much money that you will be able to buy the best farm in the district. You will have your own oxen and whole flocks of goats. You will be able to go into the town whenever you like, and spend money in the cafés."

Giuseppe's eyes narrowed. "And Gioacchino?"

"Gioacchino must take another of your daughters instead."

Hm, ha. He did not know. He must think. Gioacchino wanted Rafaella because she was the prettiest. It had been arranged in the proper way. Don Anselmo would be greatly vexed. How could he break the contract? It was too late. Besides, he was fond of Rafaella. She was a good girl. He did not want her to go away.

"Gioacchino will find another wife——"

"No, I do not think he will do so. He has set his heart on Rafaella."

"—and you, too," finished Madame Yevonde, playing her trump card, "will marry again, perhaps, a young and pretty wife; and you will keep a servant."

Giuseppe wavered. "How long will it be before my daughter begins to earn this money?"

"Four years—five. It depends on her."

"That is a long time. Too long."

"But in the meantime, if there is something you particularly feel in need of," said Madame Yevonde, delving into her handbag, "I would like you to buy it straight away. We will consider it as an advance on your daughter's first earnings."

"Hm. Well, perhaps after all I will speak to Gioacchino."

But after Giueseppe there was Rafaella herself

Continued on page 44

New-style football's greatest player begins his own success story

CAPTAIN OF HUNGARY

by FERENC PUSKAS

Scoring left-footed at Wembley, I remembered how I first practised the shot—as a small boy with no boots, kicking a bundle of rags because I could not afford a ball

REFEREE HORN BLEW HIS WHISTLE—and I raced away down the field at Wembley Stadium. Our forwards had the ball, making short, quick passes. I pushed it to Hidegkuti, the centre forward, and within ninety seconds of the start of the game he had opened the scoring for Hungary. For the first time since our arrival in London, I began to think that we might win.

It was November 25, 1953, and not for seventeen years had a Hungarian international team played England. All of us were weighed down by the importance of the event; even our most stolid players were having a job to keep calm.

That opening goal steadied us and I felt the team settle down to the game, while the Englishmen—especially Billy Wright, my opposite number as captain—were still nervous. England equalized and Hidegkuti scored again. Then it was my turn. I took a long pass from the right wing; the ball came awkwardly and there were English players round me. To have turned just then would have been useless. Instead I hooked the ball on to my left foot and shot from where I stood.

I barely heard the roar of "Goal!" that thundered round the stadium, for as I made that shot, I became a small boy again. A small boy who spent hours every day bouncing a bundle of rags on his left foot, determined to teach himself complete mastery of the football that he was too poor to buy. . . .

Nine of us played football together as children in the fields of Kispest, a country suburb of Budapest. Some of us were so tiny—I was particularly slight—that you had to look twice to see us. But we played from morning to night. We had no proper equipment: our ball was a bundle of rags. We had no football boots—seldom boots of any kind. Usually we played in our bare feet on a field spattered with thistles.

With our home-made ball, we were never bored. We practised kicking, dribbling and controlling the ball with chest, legs, knees, thighs. Our real lessons were the professional matches on Saturdays and Sundays. There we noted tricks and manoeuvres that we could practise during the following week. Except on rare occasions, we never had money to buy tickets, but somehow we always found a way to see the game. I cannot recall a single match at Kispest that we missed.

Sometimes we watched from the top of a tree in the cemetery adjoining the pitch. Sometimes we slipped in between the legs of the ticket collector. In the end we made our own secret

Puskas is embraced by Hungary's goalkeeper at Wembley. For the first time in half a century England had lost at home to a Continental team

When Puskas met Elizabeth, now his wife, he took up handball—because she was fond of it

The Kispest junior team when Puskas (third from right, standing) was thirteen; three years later he played in his first league match. Because he was so small, they called him "Little Brother"

entrance. We burrowed a hole under the fence between the playing field and the cemetery. This private entrance served us for two seasons until that day in 1936—one of the most important in my life—when we no longer needed it.

We were playing in our usual field when our game was interrupted by a shrill whistle. A man we had never seen before was watching us. He came up and asked our names. Then he said: "Would you boys like to play with a *real* ball?"

"Please don't make fun of us, sir," protested Cucu Bozsik, who thought the man was trying to sell us a ball. "We haven't got enough money to buy one." Cucu, incidentally, is now an international footballer and a Member of Parliament.

"Would you boys like to have *real* football boots?" continued the stranger.

"They would split the skin of our feet," joked someone.

The stranger explained. If we liked to go with him to the Kispest Athletic Club we could have all the kit we needed. Uncertainly we followed him, but our first distrust gradually gave way to hope as a quarter of an hour's walk brought us to the stadium. We were taken through the players' entrance and in to a large dressing-room. On the floor lay a heap of worn boots, shirts, shorts and shinguards.

The man then introduced himself as the club's trainer. "Those who really want to play football can pick their kit," he said. "But there is to be no nonsense. My name is Nandor Szucs. If you want anything, come and tell me, and we'll try to get it."

From then on we called him Uncle Nandi.

BEFORE he had finished speaking, we dived for the heap of boots. There was no difficulty about getting our feet into them. The biggest of us took size six, and there was not one pair under size nine. That did nothing to lessen our pride, however, as dressed in shirts, shorts and boots, all much too big, we trotted out on to the pitch.

A football was waiting for us, a real leather one. We tried to kick it, but with those boots it was hopeless. Our feet just shot up to the toe and then back to the heel again, and if we did hit the ball we had no idea where it was going.

After half an hour, when we were dragging our feet and almost falling down with tiredness, Uncle Nandi called us off the field: "Come back in two days and have another game," he said. The next time we went, we were given boots that fitted. For many weeks we continued with our games on the club ground. Eventually we were given our chance to play in the club's junior eleven.

We were the proudest boys in the district. Sometimes, after ardent pleading, I was allowed to take home my boots and polish them. Once I risked taking them to school, where my friends looked at me as if I were a superman.

Before our first proper match we were tremendously excited. We asked all our schoolfellows to come to the match and chalked announcements that we were playing on all the walls in Kispest.

It was a cold day; with chattering teeth and blue lips, we marched out to meet our opponents. They seemed like giants. We were all small and I was the smallest.

We tried as hard as we could, but somehow the ball was not running for us. Probably we were over-eager and trying too hard.

In spite of this we scored first, but at half-time our opponents led 2-1. We left the pitch in tears and Uncle Nandi's encouraging words did little to console us.

Determined to fight back, we went out for the second half. Our opponents ran straight down from the kick-off to score again.

I couldn't stand this and sobbed loudly. Then I sat down in the middle of the pitch and took off my boots. The rest of my friends did the same and, with nine of the team barefooted, our game changed completely. All our old assurance returned and we scored five times during the second half to win the match 6-4.

Following the victory, Hungary issued a stamp overprinted with the score. A special postmark repeated the figures

THAT was how it started. In 1936 I was eight, and from then onwards, except in winter, I played in a match every Saturday or Sunday, first in the boys' team and then in the junior eleven, where they called me "Ocsi," a nickname I have had ever since. It means "Little Brother."

Football was my first love, but I was an enthusiast for all sports and keen to learn any that would help my development as a footballer. I played baseball to speed up my reactions.

Whenever I could, I watched our first-eleven matches, and followed every move. Each time I learned something new in skill and tactics. I practised every new dodge in the garden until I had it perfect, and then I would proudly demonstrate it to my team mates.

In November, 1943, when I was sixteen, Uncle Nandi and my father, who by then had joined the Kispest club as a trainer, called me as I was practising in the ground.

"We are very pleased with your play, Ocsi," they said. "As a reward you may come with us to Nagyvarad tomorrow."

Nagyvarad were the champions and this was our first eleven's most important match of the season.

It was a day's journey to Nagyvarad and that evening the team did some training. I changed, too, happy at the thought of training with the grown-ups.

The next day we walked to the ground two

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SIP IT! DRINK IT! DRAIN IT!

TRIUMPH IS THEIR TRADEMARK

Continued from page 17

opened, local authorities, ex-Servicemen's associations, disabled groups, doctors, M.Ps, all pressed the claims of their own disabled. In the face of such pressure, Remploy opened factories much faster than was advisable. In one year, between March, 1949, and March, 1950, twenty-six new factories started work.

"It would be madness for any business to attempt expansion at such a rate," says Air Commodore G. O. Venn, the executive director. By 1953 Remploy had opened ninety factories, including seven special factories for tubercular workers, which covered a variety of trades: woodworking, leatherwork and textile sewing, surgical footwear and appliances, cardboard box making, knitwear, brushes and brooms, bookbinding, light engineering and pre-packaging.

Eighty-five per cent of Remploy's workers are severely disabled. The fifteen per cent fit or less severely disabled are there to do the jobs too heavy or too dangerous for the majority and to provide a production impetus. Most of Remploy's workers are unskilled and have no training before they start. They learn as they work.

Managers try to fit the man to the job; a man without the use of his legs is given a job where he can sit: a man with one arm is given a job that minimizes his disability. But a perfect match is not always possible. The manager of the Stoke engineering factory says: "I may have five people doing the same job in five different ways, none of them what a planning engineer would consider the best way for a fit person."

Often the job has to be broken down to fit the labour. In the Oldham factory one woodworking job is broken down into ten operations and shared by several workers; in normal industry it would consist of four consecutive operations for one fit man.

By agreements reached with the trade unions, Remploy's 6,200 severely disabled workers (including about 380 women) are paid, on average, seventy-five per cent of the normal trade rates. At first it was estimated that the production of such workers would be between one-third and one-half of that of a fit man. In practice it has proved to be about a quarter.

When Remploy started there was no precedent for its work. It had to learn from its own experience and mistakes. With so many special considerations, it is not surprising that Remploy did not at once find the answers to its problems, and has not yet found them all.

IN 1952 the Select Committee on Estimates criticized "the serious condition into which the Remploy organization had fallen and the serious loss of public money involved," and added that "considerable reorganization of the management of the company is now imperative." Remploy's excess of expenditure over income was then about £2¼ million a year, but, on the other hand, there was a saving to the Ministry of Labour of about £1 million in assistance grants.

Following the suggestions of the Select Committee, Remploy continued with extra vigour the policy of reorganization that had already been started. Sam Green, a business methods expert, was appointed managing director. During the war, Green, a brisk Lancastrian, had wide experience as a "business doctor" with the government's finance corporation. His job had been to reorganize companies which were doing important war jobs uneconomically.

"My only rule then was that those companies had to be made to pay," says Green. "If it meant sacking three or four hundred men, they had to go. If I thought of a modification of a product to improve its sales value, I'd put a number of machines working three shifts, night and day, to turn them out. Such methods are out of the question with Remploy."

Green filled much of the idle time in the factories by ordering products which were in bigger demand. More and more "long run" contracts were sought, allowing disabled workers to develop production efficiency through experience. Mass-production methods are introduced where "long runs" justify them.

"At one time we couldn't sell Remploy products," says Green. "Buyers doubted whether disabled people could make high quality goods. Now, by contrast, we are sometimes accused of undercutting the market by producing goods of too high a quality for the price." In fact, Remploy goods are sold at commercial rates, and on their merits.

Every article bears the Remploy trade mark, an oak tree. Sales, now totalling over £3 million a year, have increased by £1½ million. Exports, started in 1953 with £25,000 worth, doubled in 1954, and are expected to increase heavily again this year.

REMPLOY is a social service, and was never meant to make money. Its running costs are a small charge to the conscience of the nation. Men who would have been on the streets selling matches (some of them will admit that at some time they were), or rotting away at home, have won the respect of their wives and children because, disabled, they go out and do a job just like the man next door.

The ingenuity of medical officers, factory managers, and the workers themselves is constantly exercised in devising ways of increasing production and lessening fatigue. In one factory a woman paralysed from the waist down works a sewing machine normally operated by foot control. A special attachment enables her to operate the machine with her elbow.

In another factory, a one-armed worker was trained as an arc welder. When the factory changed over to gas welding, which requires the use of two arms, the worker told the manager that he had a fitting with a number of special gadgets for the stump of his left arm. One of them was apparently intended for a nail brush. Together they designed and made a small gadget to fit this so that the worker could do the new job.

Apart from giving disabled men a pay packet instead of an assistance grant, and self-respect instead of an inferiority complex, a secure job often improves their health more satisfactorily than medical treatment does.

Joseph Clough, who worked in the Oldham woodworking factory, was wounded in the head while fighting with a commando unit of the Royal Marines on the D-Day beachhead. As a result of the wound he became epileptic. He spent a year in different hospitals under treatment, and was then advised to stay at home for a while.

When he returned to work he lost job after job because of his illness. Soon he reached the stage where worry about his job brought on the fits that caused him to lose it. He became so bad that he spent another fifteen months at home. Finally, he got a job with Remploy in 1951. With steady work and the knowledge that he would not be sacked because of his illness, Clough improved so much that in the last eighteen months he has been absent from work for only two days.

"About ten per cent of our workers are epileptics," says Denis Molloy, Remploy's personnel manager. "They are among the best we have. There are plenty more stories like Clough's"

Soon after his marriage, Daniel MacNab, who was a skilled pastrycook, contracted arthritis which affected his hands so badly that he was unable to work. He was unemployed for seven years, then he became a sweeper-up in a Remploy factory. MacNab, who was forty-seven when he started work again, studied at home in the evenings with the aid of his wife, and eventually passed his tests to become a production inspector. After eighteen months as inspector, he was made chief inspector of all the numerous types of goods packed in the two Remploy factories at Leeds.

"People like us often get sympathy from our neighbours," says MacNab, "but we would rather have the opportunity of earning our own living and maintaining our self-respect. That is what Remploy gives us." THE END

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

pours the drink—a horrible mixture of cheap wine, vinegar and sugar—down his throat.

The taste was awful, but I had to swallow it if I didn't want to choke.

Once the sentence had been completed, everyone shook hands with me and welcomed me as an equal. There was, I discovered afterwards, a moral underlying the ordeal of the "Three-men Wine." It was intended to put the footballer off drinking for ever.

It took me some time to settle down to first-class football. The play was much harder and more exacting, and at first I had difficulty in standing the pace. I tired easily and towards the end of the matches could hardly walk.

My opponents were much older and stronger than I, and looked it. I used to show them too much respect, particularly those who were famous throughout Hungary. Sometimes I even called them "Uncle." It was difficult for a boy of sixteen to forget that the man he was trying to beat was one of his idols and not just an opposing full-back.

Regular training with the first eleven and practice with my friends in the junior team did not satisfy me. I carried a tennis ball about, and spent every free moment playing with it. If I was sent on an errand, I dribbled the ball on the way. I spent all my time trying to gain complete mastery of that tennis ball. I spent hours bouncing it on my foot. The result of this exercise was that I could stop dead on my foot any ball that came my way, no matter from what direction. I can say truthfully that my feet can "feel" the ball better than my hands.

I put up a series of stakes and dribbled between them, using first the left foot only, and then the right. As a result I can now dribble a football from one end of the field to the other without once looking at it—provided, of course, that there is no opponent to interfere.

I also practised kicking the ball to a specific spot, with my eyes closed. My friends laughed at me when I started this, but I persevered and in the end I got remarkably good results. Only very rarely did the ball fail to go where I intended.

ON August 21, 1945, the newspapers reported, eighteen-year-old Ferenc Puskas played in his first international. The match was against Austria at Budapest.

My dreams were about to come true. The stadium was full and the crowd was excited. I started playing nervously, well below my usual form. Then my friend Szengeller, who was always helping me, broke away and ran through the Austrian defence; I was about twenty feet away from him and waited to see him slam the ball into the goal. But he didn't. Instead he shouted to me: "Hey, Ocsi, shoot!"

The ball rolled to my feet and I put it into the net.

It was as simple as that, although no one would have thought so from the way the crowd was yelling.

Thanks to Szengeller, I had scored my first international goal. It was a tremendous tonic and I settled down to play my best. We won the match 5-2.

"Ferenc Puskas," wrote the journalists, "played a mature game that was the equal of that of the older, more experienced players." I cut out the reports and tied them up with gold ribbon.

From then onwards, except when an accident laid me up, I played regularly for Hungary. The following year I was in Vienna for a match; I have a vivid memory of the practical joke my team-mates played on me there.

Brought up in poverty, I had never had an opportunity of learning how to behave in society. My main trouble was the use of cutlery at table; and when necessary I always asked my older friends what to do. Szengeller was usually my tutor, and whenever I was not sure of myself I used to imitate him.

At the end of one banquet, bananas were passed round. I had never seen one before, and was very curious to find out what it tasted like. I took one, but the trouble was that I didn't know how to begin eating it.

I looked round, but the rest of the team had not begun their bananas, so I glanced significantly at Szengeller. He nodded, took a banana and bit into it, skin and all. I followed suit. It tasted tough and bitter and I did not like it at all. But, having taken it, I was not going to leave it. Heroically, I swallowed the rest.

I wondered what the rest of the team thought of this rare fruit, but none of them had started on it. Then, seeing my expression, they roared with laughter and let me into the secret.

It had been arranged beforehand that no one except Szengeller, who only took one bite, was to touch his banana before I had eaten mine.

In the summer of 1947 I was invited by Ferencovaros, the champion Hungarian club, to

Continued on page 30

2.

suddenly off to New York – for the wonderful thing about Gerald's wild schemes is that they really happen. What an exciting person he is! And thoughtful, too – he'd even remembered a box of my favourite Black Magic chocolates – those centres! No wonder they're his favourites, also

THE REST OF
THE STORY

There are two reasons why Black Magic chocolates are worth writing home about. First, those really luscious centres. And then, however much you pay, you won't find *better* chocolates than Black Magic. This is because Rowntrees put all the value into the *chocolates*, packing them simply, but elegantly, in a smart black box.

MADE BY
ROWNTREES

At the Remploy factory in Croydon, Sid Ayling (left) and George Oakley work as a team to overcome their disabilities. They are welding a tripod crutch

In a Japanese prison camp, Denis McGrath's toes were amputated with a seaman's knife. With Remploy he is as good as a fit man

Triumph is their trademark

by REX GRIZELL

Like his workmates, Denis McGrath is disabled. He has a new life at Remploy, with a job instead of sympathy

WHEN JAPANESE PLANES dive-bombed British positions in Hongkong a few days before Christmas, 1941, Denis McGrath, a machine-gunner with the Middlesex Regiment, was wounded in the feet and legs. He was taken prisoner on Christmas Day.

In a prison camp near Osaka, the winter cold brought frostbite and then gangrene to the wounds in his feet. Untreated, they had never healed properly and he could not walk. A fellow prisoner, who had been a nerve specialist but had never done an operation in his life, sharpened up a seaman's knife and cut the toes off both of McGrath's feet. There was no anaesthetic.

"But for him I should have lost my legs," says McGrath. He made himself some clogs and a pair of crutches and hobbled about the camp. As his body wasted away, his only concern was the bitter struggle to keep alive from day to day. When he thought of the future it was to wonder what he would be fit for in "civvy street"—should he ever be freed.

Denis McGrath started work in a Remploy factory in Croydon in 1950. He had been a prisoner for four years. Treatment for the aftermath of life in the p.o.w. camp had taken another four years. He had had twenty-eight operations on his feet, including major graftings performed at the world-famous East Grinstead hospital. Instead of his size nine army boots he now wore, with suitable padding, special surgical boots, size four. He could walk quite well with the aid of sticks.

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Remploy gave him the opportunity to show that, once at work and sitting down, he was as good as a fit man. A secure job, helping in the manufacture of surgical appliances, gave McGrath the confidence to marry a nurse from his home in Waterford, Eire, and to bring up a family of three.

McGrath owed his new life to an event in 1941, the year of his capture. Although the war was going badly, Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour in the Coalition Government, asked his Parliamentary Secretary to investigate ways for disabled people to help the war effort, and to prepare plans for employing disabled ex-Servicemen after the war.

Under the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act of 1944, the Disabled Persons Employment Corporation was set up, financed by Treasury funds, to provide employment in sheltered conditions for people so severely disabled that they would be unable to find work in open industry.

This organization, now known as Remploy, set to work in June, 1945. First a register of disabled persons was built up. It showed heavy concentrations in South Wales, London, Lancashire and Tyneside, and the first factories were opened in these districts in 1946. Others followed rapidly.

Only about forty per cent of the men who work in Remploy factories are ex-Servicemen, and of those many did not receive their disabilities during the war. The others are men deformed from birth or childhood who have never worked before; or men struck down in the middle of a normal working life by crippling disease or accidents. Some of them spent years in rotting idleness before they joined Remploy.

When the first Remploy factories were

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Boy on a Dolphin

by ***DAVID DIVINE***

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

Pero was going to defy her father and marry the man she loved. And no one could stop her. For she was resorting to black magic

MISS PERO LOUSTROS had brains as well as beauty. And the lovelorn and lovable Pero—a millionaire's daughter—had used both qualities in persuading the Englishman, Professor Calder, to help to smooth the path of her romance. . . .

Calder, indeed, could hardly refuse—for he needed Pero's help himself.

He had come to the Greek island of Mykonos to search for a priceless statue which had been lost at sea near the island centuries before. And Pero was the only person who could lead him to the sunken wreck which, he believed, contained the statue.

Pero's father had sent her to live on the island with Maria, her chaperon, to prevent her seeing an arden Italian suitor — Guido Torcelli, a student in Athens. Pero, unhappy at her separation from Guido, had agreed to take Calder to the wreck if he would try to persuade her father to let Guido come to Mykonos.

Calder's companion, an American journalist named Madden, had undertaken to see her father.

In Athens, meanwhile, Guido was mixing in strange company. Through a racketeer named Nichomachos he learned that an unscrupulous Swede, Gunnar Norup, wanted the statue—a bronze of the young Apollo riding a dolphin—for his private art collection.

The Swede was willing to pay half a million drachmas for it, no questions asked.

To Guido it was a fortune: With that amount he could take Pero away. Her father would never catch them. . . .

PART TWO

The Solemn Angel

IN the garden, Pero was still in the shadow of the wall. The morning sun was too low to reach her where she stood, but it was not too low to outline the head of Theodoree, the small girl who was sitting on the wall. Ordinarily the child looked like an angel. With the glory of the gold behind her she had this morning something of the splendour of the seraphim.

Pero looked up at her with a matching radiance. Even though she was in the shadow an inner light of happiness burned inside her. She said joyously: "My father's stomach will be full of ulcers again."

Theodoree asked interestedly: "Inside or out?"

"But naturally inside! He will have to help us and that will make him furious, and the fury will make the ulcers come. They are not very bad ulcers."

"Oh!" Theodoree sounded gentle but slightly disappointed.

"He will have to help us because his own reputation is wrapped up in this," Pero went on. "It was he who suggested to the government that Professor Calder should come to examine the ship." She picked a flower and began to scatter the petals round with a destructive gaiety. "If we can't work on the wreck without Guido, he will look a fool, and he doesn't like to look a fool in front of a newspaperman. So Guido will come."

The child smiled benevolently. "If that is what you wish," she said politely, "you could, of course, make certain."

"What do you mean 'make certain'?" Pero looked up, laughing at the gravity of the child's tone.

"If you drink at the Three Wells you will marry him within the year," said Theodoree solemnly.

Pero straightened herself from the flowers with a jerk. "Theodoree"—her voice was very high—"I had never thought of that before. Always you look an angel but today you *are* an angel."

ALREADY the words of the old legend were swirling round in her brain: a girl who drinks of each of the Three Wells in the little square, the three dark, cool wells with their crystal water, marries within the twelvemonth. It was an article of faith in the village. It was one of the island's certitudes. Father Stavros, the priest, did not approve of it—but then the Church had never approved of the darker magic. This was something that went back to the older gods.

Pero stood transfigured, her eyes enormous and excited. After a long silence she said: "Theodoree, we will go and drink."

"I will not," said the child. "*I* don't want to get married this year." She dropped from the wall, suddenly apprehensive. Pero laughed and went into the house.

"Now what nonsense are you hatching with that child?" demanded Maria.

"I have thought of the final way of getting round my father," Pero's voice was triumphant. "At least, Theodoree has thought of it for me."

"Do not tell me then," said Maria, crossing herself hurriedly to try to avoid evil implications.

"It will do no harm. Long before you or Father Stavros can possibly report it to him the thing will be done."

"Your father will see that it can be undone," said Maria warningly.

"Not this—this is irrevocable." She took the older woman's chin between finger and thumb, and lifted her head. "I am going," she breathed through barely parted lips, "to drink from the Three Wells."

"I have closed my eyes to everything," cried Maria in despair. "Seven times every week I ignore things that would lose me my position if your father knew, but magic I cannot agree to. I am going to tell Father Stavros." Carefully and conscientiously she crossed herself again.

"It will be too late," said Pero. "I am going to drink now." She pirouetted out of the door. . . .

Meanwhile Theodoree was excitedly spreading the news.

"Quick!" she urged, thrusting her head in at a ground-floor window. "Pero is going to drink from the Three Wells."

A girl's voice answered her, and she ran up the alleyway and turned a corner. There was an open door and she shouted down the passageway: "Quick! Pero is going to drink from the Three Wells." Another girl's voice answered her.

Again she ran on. She was getting breathless, but voice after voice answered her and the clack of the looms in some of the houses stopped and in some of the houses the pots boiled unregarded.

Pero, walking up the empty street outside her house, found herself joined by one friend after another until they came in a chattering procession to the Square of the Three Wells and there the rest of the girls of the village waited expectantly. There were a few small boys among them and one or two men, but the men looked sheepish and embarrassed. The small boys were openly critical.

Theodoree had in her hand an enormous bouquet of pepper branches and bougainvillea. She must have raided somebody's garden as she ran.

She went dancing to meet Pero and gave a substantial half to her with a charming and only very faintly cynical gesture.

One of the girls with Pero said: "They should have been roses."

"There are no roses on the island," Theodoree answered sharply.

Pero said gravely: "These are better than roses."

One by one the girls took flowers from Theodoree. The ceremony had become festive, and there was chattering and laughter. Like an escort they took Pero to the first of the wells. Somebody drew the water and they poured it as custom demanded, into her cupped hands, and she drank laughing. They went on to the second of the wells.

FATHER STAVROS arrived as she drank. He looked enormous, towering over Maria. The black of his robes made a hard, warning note against the brilliance of the girls' colours. He was moving fast and the little air running up the alleyway spread out his robes so that they looked like wings; so that he looked like an avenging angel—an avenging angel with an undecided face.

It was magic, of course—but it was also quite remarkably pretty. Father Stavros could by no means make up his mind. Moreover, Pero could move quickly when she wanted to—much more quickly than Father Stavros's mind. The third bucket came clanking up the third well. The

She drank from the three magic wells, disobeying the priest and invoking dark powers. "I shall have to tell your father of this," he warned

water splashed out, turning the flags dark blue and tarnished silver in the sunlight. The water trickled through her tightly cupped fingers, and Pero drank for the third time.

The delighted laughter almost drowned Father Stavros's mild commination. Pero heard only the words: "I shall have to tell your father of this."

She smiled enchantingly at him, and Father Stavros shrugged his shoulders. He began to walk away, composing in his mind a general condemnation of heathen practices.

On the balcony of a house at the end of the square one of the musicians from the waterfront *tavernas* came out with a violin. He had a sense of the appropriate. The music began to lilt above the heads of the crowd. At the slightest provocation they would have made a line for one of the interminable island dances. . . .

Madden broke the mood. He strode into the square through the alleyway that led up from the mole. He was glaring at his watch. "My girl," he said sardonically, "d'you realize that we've been waiting for half an hour already?"

"Half an hour," said Pero. "What is half an hour?"

"Half an hour's a dam' long time," retorted Madden irritably, "when you're sitting waiting for the double-cross. What gives?"

She held out her dripping hands to him, radiant and full of joy "I have drunk from the Three Wells. I will marry Guido within the year."

"What makes you so sure of that?" demanded Madden, while the crowd waited silent and curious and the violin lilted on.

"The legend," Pero answered, her voice vibrant. "You cannot go against the legend."

"The legend only says you will get married within a year. It doesn't say who you will marry. Have you thought of *that*, my girl?"

"Oh!" said Pero.

Calder watched them moodily as they came up the mole. He was sitting on the coach roof of the caique, smoking his pipe. Even if the engine started at the first turn this morning they had lost the best part of an hour, an hour's diving time, and it looked as if the wind might come up again. He was on edge. The thing seemed in his grasp now—at least it was in his grasp if the girl would play fair.

Pero had a frock on this morning—brilliantly coloured, cleverly cut. She moved in it like the very embodiment of the spirit of joy. He forgot all his misgivings and stood up in approval.

She came up to the bollard to which the stern ropes were made fast. She held out her hands to Calder, the same gesture that she had used to Madden. She looked very young, almost pathetic in her happiness, and she said in a voice in which she managed delicately to mingle happiness with contrition: "I am so sorry I have kept you so long; and now——"

Madden glowered suspiciously at her.

"——and now I have forgotten my swimming

costume. I have only got my scanties underneath this." She indicated her frock. "It would not be decent."

"To hell with decency!" exclaimed Madden. "Let's go."

Pero withered him with one glance. To Calder she said: "You must forgive me once again. I will be so quick you will not know it." Turning, she went down the mole.

"I give up!" Madden climbed on board, went down into the cabin and started despairingly scrabbling in his bag for a bottle.

"Did she say why she hadn't come?" Calder asked through the open hatch.

"She didn't need to. She was in the Square of the Three Wells and she had just finished drinking from the third of them. Every dam' girl in the village was there cheering. In another minute they'd have started dancing and I wouldn't have got her away for the rest of the morning."

"What's the significance of drinking at the Three Wells?" asked Calder tolerantly.

"If a girl drinks at the Three Wells in succession and says the right things, she marries within the year," Madden explained testily. "It's one of the oldest of the island customs. If you believe in a custom hard enough it works."

"Do they believe in it?"

"Sure, they believe—and it works. There could be other reasons, of course."

"Does Pero believe in it?"

"Yeah, she believes, but I'll bet by now she believes in what I said, too."

"What was that?"

"If you drink, you marry, but the wells don't say whom you'll marry. God knows—" Madden opened the bottle at last "—it might even be me!" He didn't bother about the formality of a glass.

Pero kept her word about being quick. She was soon back, and at last they were under way. They turned round the outside islets as they had done the previous day and ran down much as they had done before. The ancients worked on one of the brightly coloured buoys, checking the weight that was to anchor it.

Pero, businesslike in red fisherman's trousers and jersey, went towards the stern. From time to time she glanced back over her shoulder at the white chapel on the summit of Mount Elias. Slowly it came into line with the chapel of Yeoryios.

When they coincided she spoke to the younger of the ancients, and the boat altered course slightly. She returned to Calder and stood with

Madden looked on silently as Loustros barked at the girl, "Bring me yesterday's report on Torcelli." She replied calmly, "There isn't one"

one hand on the shrouds, staring to the southward now. He followed the line of her gaze and guessed that she was looking at the rocky Praso islets. The boat had slowed down a little. The two islets were coming closer and closer together.

Over her shoulder to him she said: "When they touch." And in Greek she called to the ancients: "Ready. . . ." The buoy splashed over the side. "It is here," she said to Calder.

THE boat circled slowly, came back to the buoy and stopped. The ancients let go the anchor. While Calder and the girl got their gear ready the boat swung to the faint wind.

Calder went over the harness of the compressed air cylinders, the belt with its lead weights, the depth gauge, the face mask. When everything was checked he got ready. The ancients had put the little ladder over the side. He went down and Madden slipped the cylinders over his shoulders. The girl followed him. They both hung for a moment at the foot of the ladder in a sudden reluctance.

Madden, beaming down at them, said at last: "Go on. Find it!" Then, as they both pulled their masks down and disappeared simultaneously, he straightened himself and looked speculatively at the elder ancient. He added: "But I bet they don't. And what she's up to now I'm damned if I know!"

Pero and Calder dropped together through the water spectrum. Calder was conscious of a new eagerness, a tremendous possessing excitement. It seemed to hold him almost rigid, his hands loosely beside him, only his legs moving with the rhythmic, simple kick of the practised diver. They slid down the levels of the colours with a high, exhilarating ease. He felt the pressure on his face mask as the depth grew, and the familiar thrusting in his ears.

One thing only was different from the first day. Halfway down, the line of the buoy hung across their angle of descent like a thin metallic stroke. In its angularity it was like a connecting link with the forgotten surface world. They lost it behind them, and the blue darkness was empty again. Then quite suddenly they were on the bottom. It was, if anything, slightly emptier than the sandy emptiness of yesterday. There were no shells on it.

There was just light enough for him to see into Pero's mask. She was watching him with great round, apprehensive eyes. Keeping his face, he hoped, carefully expressionless, he lifted his hands with a gesture that said with the utmost clarity: "Where?"

Pero lifted hers in a matching gesture which, carried out with a droop of the shoulders and a desolate angle of the head, said equally clearly: "I don't know."

HE stood there thinking. It was absurd, of course. He should never have had the optimism to hope that they would find it the first time, even if Pero were fully on their side now. The sea was very big—no one knew that better than he did. Bearings on the land taken from a small boat were notoriously inaccurate. He should have considered the problems of a search before they dived.

He decided—it was curious how slowly thought came—to believe in the girl. It was easier down here without Madden. The best thing would be to use the anchor of the buoy-rope as a base point and swim out from that as far as they could on each separate dive. It would take a long time, that was inevitable: he was resigned to that. He found himself saying over and over again: "After all, it's been here for more than two thousand years."

He paddled back slowly in what he imagined was the direction of the buoy-rope. *I'll bring down a compass next time*, he determined. But strangely enough, he found it at once. The angle was more exaggerated down here with the sag of the rope. He was glad of that, for it gave a fixed direction. The boat was swung, if he

He entered the cave slowly, almost reluctantly. And then he saw it. On the sand floor was a boy . . . a boy riding a dolphin

remembered, almost exactly north and south and the line of the rope would be north and south too. He made a sweeping gesture at the rope and pointed northward, and they began to swim.

There was no slope here. They moved easily in the queer reflected bottom light. Fish came and looked at them out of the misty blueness and disappeared. The bottom was utterly empty. Nothing stood out of the sand. It seemed incredible that men for thousands of years had used this channel, and that nothing had fallen here. It seemed incredible that nature for millions of years had used it and left only this white, virginal emptiness.

When his watch told him that they had gone far enough, there was still nothing at all to see. They went up slowly and quite without joy. There was a long swim back to the caique.

Madden, leaning over to help them, did not even bother to ask the question. It was quite clear that they had found nothing. It was not even necessary to see their faces. The whole droop of their bodies was an expression of failure.

When she was free of the harness and her belt, Pero kicked off the flippers and slumped in a warm corner of the deck against a coil of rope. "It must be here and it can't have moved," she said. She gave a quick shiver that was part cold and part mortification—"I feel such a fool!"

Madden had gone back to his place in the bows. Over his shoulder he said: "Darling, whatever you are, you aren't a fool."

"I hate you!" Pero bit down on her even and beautifully matched teeth.

Calder, looking up, saw that she was very close to tears.

She said: "You think that I am cheating again. I'm not! I'm not! I tell you it is here." She stamped with one foot on the deck and, not realizing the angle at which she was lying, brought down her heel very much harder than the necessities of gesture. "Ow!" she exclaimed, completely ruining the earlier effect.

Calder said quietly: "It would have been the most stupendous luck if we'd found it with the first dive. It was my fault. I should have worked out a plan for this before we started. What I propose to do now is to dive from the sinker of the buoy. We've done the north. We'll do south, east and west. If that doesn't bring any results, we'll do the diagonals, and if that doesn't do any good, we'll shift the markers and start again."

The girl sat up and looked at him curiously. "You don't think I'm——"

Calder looked straight across at her and his whole face lit up. "No, but you may be pretty inaccurate."

Madden said sardonically: "The thing this time, my angel pet, is that you have got far too much to lose by dishonesty. One little lie, sweetheart, and Father Madden doesn't go to Athens."

IN the end it was Pero who found the wreck. Madden had suggested that they take opposite angles in the later dives. They were beginning the diagonals of the star when Pero found the grotesque, improbable cluster of the amphorae.

Madden, resting comfortably with a glass beside him, heard a high yell across the windswept water. The breeze had come up at noon and the ancients had argued even over this last dive. They wanted to call it a day. Madden came to his feet in one movement. A scream might mean disaster. He saw Pero far out on the starboard quarter of the caique waving furiously—and the wave was triumph. With one of the ancients he tumbled into a dinghy and they pulled over to her.

"Have you got the mark-buoy?" she asked. "Drop it clear! I've drifted a bit but I came up as straight as I could." She waited until the line had gone over the side and the buoy was floating free. Then she put her foot in the stirrup of a rope and came over the stern. As she dropped on to the thwart she said: "I'm glad I found it."

"Why?" demanded Madden, beginning to row back towards the caique.

"Wouldn't you be?"

"Maybe." Madden went on rowing.

PERO compressed her lips and sat bolt upright on the thwart. She had some trouble, for the movement of the sea was against dignity. For a while she was silent, as though offended by Madden's lack of enthusiasm. But the moment and the mood were too much for her, and after a time she broke out: "They were there—all of them. The amphorae, they hadn't moved!"

"Expect them to after two thousand years?"

She disregarded the acidity. "The whole shape of it is there. Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad! I'm so glad!"

"I'm so glad you're so glad," said Madden brutally. "And where does the statue come in?"

Pero looked at him blankly, perhaps just a shade too blankly. There was no expression at all in her face.

"What statue?" she said.

"The world-famous statue that you've promised Mykonos."

"Oh, that!" replied Pero easily. "Every Greek wreck has a statue in it somewhere. We'll find it before we've finished."

"I love you," said Madden, pulling steadily past the stern of the caique. The elder ancient was gesticulating towards the opposite side, and he guessed that Calder must have come up from his dive, too. "I love the way your mind works—supposing, that is, that you've got a mind, my poppet. I strongly suspect that you're doing the flat-fish act again in the small matter of the statue, but we'll see, we'll see.

"I can't beat you, of course, because you're an itsy-bitsy little girl, but it will be fine to give your Guido a poke on the snoot when occasion demands." He leaned forward, letting the oars rest in the air for a moment. "Won't it, angel?"

Pero smiled back at him with the happy

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Bombshell on the bandstand

by KEITH ELLIS

Ambition calls the tune for Alma Cogan, the singer with a laugh in her voice. She's mad about success

WHEN JOY NICHOLS retired from *Take It From Here*, a promising young singer named Alma Cogan calculated that regular appearances in Britain's top radio show would give a fillip to her career. But first she had to convince the producer. "I remembered her as a sultry sexy singer from *Gently Bentley*," recalls Charles Maxwell, "and told her that she had the wrong style for us. But I agreed to hear her latest record."

A few days later, she delivered at his office not one record but two. The first, a song called "I've Got A Golden Umbrella," convinced him that she had changed her singing style to one just right for *T.I.F.H.* The second was a privately recorded sketch in dialect. "I was impressed," says Maxwell. "Of more than fifty applicants, some of them big names, only Alma had taken the trouble to do that. She'd hired a script writer."

After a final audition with Jimmy Edwards and Dick Bentley, Maxwell chose Alma Cogan as the singer, with June Whitfield to act the character parts. Miss Cogan's pianist Stan Foster says: "Alma knows what she wants and she knows how to get it."

A gay extrovert of twenty-three, "the girl with a laugh in her voice" has sung *T.I.F.H.'s* bright, bouncy numbers to such good effect that in two years she has developed from a competent but little-known performer to a recording and music hall star whose weekly earnings are believed to exceed £500. Her lush black hair, plum-like cheeks and pouting lower lip—accentuated by an overlapping smear of lipstick—have become familiar on television in the Bob Monkhouse Show, the Benny Hill Show and the Morecambe and Wise series, *Running Wild*.

"Alma has a one-track mind," says Joe Henderson, professional manager of the Bourne Music Company. "She wants success."

"I'm ambitious," Alma says. "I'm never satisfied to stay where I am. If I see someone getting on, I say to myself: 'If they can do it, I can do it.'"

She plans her career with shrewd care.

Recently, an American who is producing the London version of the Broadway musical *The Pajama Game*, heard a broadcast by Alma on his car radio. Enthusiastically, he phoned New York and then told Alma that he was considering her for the lead. It was a part which most singers would have seized. After a preliminary meeting, Alma read the book. She then astounded the producer by telling him that she was not interested. "In *The Pajama Game*," she explains, "the show as a whole is more important than the individual players. In my part, there wasn't a single number that would have stopped the show."

After her first best-seller, "Bell Bottom Blues," she arranged to record "Little Things Mean A Lot." "Many singers would have run over it for twenty minutes to fix the key," says Joe Henderson, who was then her pianist. "Alma practised it for two hours morning and afternoon for three days."

Stan Foster says: "When she's appearing in London, she'll make records from 9 a.m. till 1, spend the afternoon seeing agents, publishers or the B.B.C. and, in the evening, do a twice-nightly variety show."

Alma is constantly on the alert for likely songs. Joe Henderson once brought home her sister, Sandra, from a charity concert at 12.30 a.m. and Alma invited him to stay for a drink. Taking great care not to wake the neighbours, he went to the piano and played a new song that had just arrived from America. "I didn't even know the words," he says. "Alma showed no signs of having noticed the tune."

At ten the next morning, she rang him at his office. "Can I come down and hear that song again?" she asked. Henderson agreed. "That same afternoon," he says, "she arranged to record it. The song was 'The Little Shoemaker,' one of her best-sellers."

She insists on dealing personally with every aspect of her work. Besides supervising the arrangement of her songs, she designs—often on the back of *T.I.F.H.* scripts during breaks in rehearsal—the eight evening dresses which form her working wardrobe. "They're worth between £150 and £200 each," she says. "The one I wore

Jewel and Warriss, the comedians, escort Alma on to the stage at the Opera House, Blackpool. Her mother says: "I wanted Alma to start at the top"

Surrounded by the Tiller Girls, Alma sings a

Dixieland song. She wears crinolines because "you can't sing my sort of songs in a slinky dress"

for the Royal Command show at Blackpool contained two hundred yards of nylon net."

She always wears crinolines "because they look good on the stage. And you can't sing my sort of songs in a slinky dress."

Perhaps because of the amount of work she tries to cram into one day, she has a reputation at the B.B.C. for being vague about her appointments.

"She's the sort of person things happen to," says Charles Maxwell. "Her trains are late, she gets stuck in traffic jams, she mixes up her appointments and once she overslept. But she's so charming about it that you can't be cross and she's never late for anything that really matters."

Friends say she is unspoiled by success. She lives simply, without a car, mink or even a dresser.

"She's a lively sort of girl," says Jimmy Henney, of Chappell's, the music publishers. "It comes over in her voice. She genuinely loves her work." On long car journeys, or at dead spots in parties, she is liable to break into imitations of other popular singers which delight her hearers. "Alma has more talent than the public yet knows about," says Henney.

The daughter of Mark Cogan, who owned a chain of drapery stores, Alma Angela Cogan was born at St. John's Wood, London, and attended convent schools at Reading and Worthing. At three, she did imitations of Shirley Temple singing "On The Good Ship Lollipop." "I was the local girl who sang," she says. "I sang at parties, concerts, whenever I got the chance."

Leaving the convent school at fourteen, she had two interests in life—singing and dress-making. Thinking she might make dress-making her career, she studied it at Worthing School of Art. But she became more and more interested in singing.

The next year, during a family holiday at Blackpool, Mrs. Cogan buttonholed Ted Heath and asked if he would hear her daughter. "I wanted him to take Alma and train her," she says. After a brief audition, Heath said that Alma was too young and suggested that she take

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

a job with a less illustrious band so that she could work her way up. "That's not what I wanted," says Mrs. Cogan. "I wanted her to start at the top."

Shortly afterwards, her father asked the manager of the Grand Theatre, Brighton, who was a friend, to give Alma an audition. He, too, said she was too young but offered her the use of the theatre stage for practice on Saturday mornings. Visiting artists—Vera Lynn among them—offered her advice. Finally, the manager gave her a week's engagement on a Max Miller bill at a fee of £35.

"Everyone thought I was older than fifteen," she recalls, "so a local paper reproduced my birth certificate."

After a small part in the London musical *High Button Shoes*—where she shared a dressing-room with a chorus-girl named Audrey Hepburn—Alma sang with a band, worked in cabaret and signed up as a film extra. One day, a song publisher named Joe Roncoroni heard her singing in his office and offered to introduce her to Walter Ridley of H.M.V. Escorted by her father, Alma sang "The Man I Love" for Ridley. "She showed promise," he recalls, "but she was young and immature. I told her where to go for singing lessons and asked her to see me once a month. Meanwhile, she was to get a job where she would gain experience without danger of being prematurely discovered." She joined the resident band at the Cumberland Hotel.

Every night, her father met her outside the Cumberland and took her home. He was a lively, handsome man of forty-nine whose dearest ambition was to see his daughter a star. One night he failed to turn up. When she arrived home, Alma found that he was suffering from an appalling headache. Two days later he died of a brain tumour.

Début With A Disc Jockey

By now, her visits to Ridley had become weekly. After two years' coaching, he said that she was at last ready and on her twentieth birthday she recorded "To Be Worthy Of You." Jack Jackson played it three times on his *Record Round-Up series*. Roy Speer, the B.B.C. producer, heard it and shortly afterwards engaged her for *Gently Bentley*.

During a variety tour with Peter Brough, Alma suddenly lost her voice and hurried to London to consult a specialist. "You have laryngeal nodules," he told her. "The only cure is rest. You must stop singing for six months and for the first month you must not even speak." She passed the time sketching in Hyde Park and visiting innumerable cinemas. When she wanted to communicate with friends, she scribbled notes. "But when the six months were up, my voice was stronger than ever."

It was during a tour with Richard Hearne in *Mr. Pastry Comes To Town* that she heard that Joy Nichols had retired from *T.I.F.H.* By a coincidence, Hearne cut the tour short so that he could play in pantomime, and left Alma free to apply for Joy Nichols's place. Since then, she has appeared in almost every entertainment medium, including this year's Royal Command variety show at Blackpool.

She has a fan club four thousand strong and each week hands out six hundred signed photographs. Mail from enthusiasts often approaches a thousand letters a week. When in London, she lives in Kensington with her mother and sister. Between recordings, variety, television and radio, she has literally no time for boy friends. For exercise, she is taking up golf.

Besides *T.I.F.H.* and television, she expects to fulfil odd variety dates and at Christmas sing as a guest artist in pantomime at the Chiswick Empire. Next April, she will travel to New York for the Ed Sullivan Show on television.

"Her future is unpredictable," says Jimmy Henney. "She has the voice, the personality and this wonderful ability to mimic other singers. Anything could happen." THE END

THE TREASURE OF BELDERRIG

by ***PAT FLYNN***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Here was the fortune I had sought all my life, and only two of us to share it. . . . Soon I was to learn why they called it "fool's gold"

I LEFT BELDERRIG BEG fifteen years ago and I made the mistake of going back. When you're broke and tired and you've just touched forty and there's nothing left but the gnawing for home, don't turn back. Stay out there. Stay a tramp or a beachcomber or a treasure hunter—there's little difference—and at least you'll still have a dream.

When the evening mail-car, which I had boarded in Ballycastle, rattled off down the road leaving me standing alone in the midst of my dream, I never felt more lonely. Belderrig's slate-roofed cottages lay huddled under a sky of black-bellied clouds and its cobbled roads were rainswept. Sea-whipping winds lashed in from the darkening bay and whistled round the silent houses. It looked a strange, hostile village and the loneliness shocked me.

I twice read the name above the window before I really believed it was the same shop. "Kelly's."

There had always been shouts of laughter and movement around Kelly's shop in my dream. But there it stood, gaunt and quiet. It looked empty. I lifted the latch and pushed the door.

The smell of oatmeal and paraffin and whiskey hit me like a blow and for a moment the dream and reality were one.

"God save all here!" I cried exultantly at the crowded roomful of laughing young men.

"God save you kindly," they chorused back at me, and the dream fled. There were only four of them and they were old. There was something about each of them that brought their names back to me. The eyes mainly. Eyes seldom change. They were the fathers of my schoolday chums.

None of them remembered me. I could see that, as I clumped across the silence between us. Even old Kelly himself didn't recognize me.

"It's Jackson," I said, and, after a moment, they came to life, slapping my back, pumping my hand.

Old Shamus cackled gleefully and thumped his stick. Kelly filled a glass with Irish whiskey. It slopped over the rim as he pushed it across at me. "Get round it, me buckoo," he roared. Michael John Cafferty leaned in surprise against the bar, staring at me with a toothless grin.

My eyes rested on Koglan.

"Where are the lads?" I asked.

They let Shamus tell me. The young men didn't want to battle with the sea or fish in flimsy curraghs or scrape a living from the stony land these days. Not when there was easy money in England for an eight-hour day. Oh, they sent home enough to keep their parents going in porter and baccy, Shamus pointed out. But I wasn't interested any more. My blood was still cold and I felt tired. I had been away too long.

They wanted to know what I had been doing all these years. I looked round their faces wondering if I should bother to tell them. And again I stopped at Koglan.

He was a small dark-haired Englishman with a withered arm. He had been a coastguard here for the English before their troops pulled out in 1922. After their departure, his job went up in flames when the villagers burned the coast-guard station to the ground. His small pension from the British Government enabled him to eke out a living in Belderrig Beg. I could see that after all these years he wasn't quite one of them yet.

"I've been hunting for treasure," I said. There was a startled pause and I saw a gleam come in Koglan's eyes.

"Glory be to God," breathed Kelly. "If old Christie was here now maybe you could get something out of him before he goes crazy altogether."

"We were talking about him just before you came in," said Shamus, excitedly. "Wasn't he in here yesterday gabbling about it, but we couldn't get a word of sense out of him. But he's found something, whatever it is. He keeps writing to coin dealers in England, sure, and France and Italy. Oh, he's not so mad, even though he does walk the cliffs at night. And if you go near him out there, he runs away like a scared rabbit. It's there. It's somewhere there, as sure as I'm a foot high."

I drained the glass of whiskey, swallowing slowly, and put the glass on the counter. "Who's Christie?" I asked. "What's he found?"

AGAIN they let Shamus tell me. They knew he would interrupt and spoil the story if anyone else tried to tell it.

Christie had been an archaeologist out in North Africa. When he came to stay at Glenossary Lodge, about five years ago, he had been a powerfully built man with a shock of pure white hair. The sun or disease or something had touched him when he had been abroad and he used to walk miles along the shore and up over Malan Point. "Plenty of fresh air," he told them at Kelly's, "that's what I need." But his massive body started wasting away. His brain sickened. He started talking aloud to himself. And about nine months ago they heard about the treasure.

"I won't be able to lift the lid," they would hear him say. "I won't be able to feel the coins. I must get fresh air to keep me strong, keep me strong." But if they questioned him he would fly into a rage. "You all want it! Stay away from me! The greatest I've ever found. Greater than the diggings in Egypt. I know you want to get it. Stay away! Stay away from me!"

I was still watching Koglan and I saw the sweat beading out on his upper lip. I was the only one there that understood.

THE treasure craving makes you do funny things. It makes you pore over coin books and it sends you scrabbling among the Cocos or digging till you drop in the Salvage Islands. You find you can live on scraps of food. You find you can do other things too, that a bright upstanding Irishman once wouldn't think about. You can cheat and steal, and when you're found out you can snivel for forgiveness. A few Spanish holy dollars that you've uncovered in a West Indies swamp can make you forget the heat, the hunger, the long years of sickening disappointment. They make you stumble on farther into strange lands, ever looking for the big find, the immense fortune that will crown your life's craving. And you curse the world that's living comfortably on an eight-hour day.

Then suddenly you give in. The cool dream of home that's kept you going through the tropic night consumes all else and you see your holy dollars and go back across the world to Belderrig Beg. And you know that gleam in Koglan's eyes, because you've seen it often in your own cracked mirror on the other side of the world.

I laughed at Shamus.

"No wonder the lads have left home," I said. "They've got tired listening to the ravings of their parents—and old Christie. I believed a fable like that once before. Only that time it was a dying Indian in Peru. Talked all night long about soft yellow stone."

"What happened?" they asked, and for the next hour they listened to some of my yarns, heavily coloured with black, blue and white lies.

They trooped off at last, thank God, slowly and hesitantly, out into the cold, blustery night.

When they had gone I made arrangements with old Kelly about a room and then I opened the door of the shop and went outside. The

Continued on page 42

The box was heaped with ancient coins. I scooped through them, trembling, and hardly trusting myself to speak. "Are they real?" asked Koglan.

WHALE HUNT (2) by Ross Cockrill

Hounded through the storm - by an iceberg

Suddenly we saw the jagged face, felt its deathly chill. It was as big as the City of London—and coming straight at us

THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED FAST. A catcher boat had harpooned a whale and the line went whizzing out. Down in the small hold where the whale line was coiled, a young whaler was stationed to see that the line did not kink. Perhaps it did kink, and he tried to straighten it with a kick. Perhaps he was just fooling around. Whatever the cause, a loop of the leaping line caught round his right leg, just below the knee. He was jerked off his feet and hit the bulkhead with a bang; the rope tightened, sheared through skin, muscle and bone, and the lad dropped back, bruised, breathless—and minus a leg.

His mates found him there some minutes later, sitting up and making a competent tourniquet above the stump. They cut the line, let the whale go, radioed the factory ship and set course at full speed. And they poured rum into the young whaler just as fast as he could take it.

The factory ship cast loose its tethered whale carcasses and made full speed for the catcher boat. They met at three o'clock on a snowy, black-hearted morning. The doctor went over in the basket and the night watch lined the side. It was the time when the human body is at its lowest ebb; the time when the majority of deaths occur.

The patient was unaware of such nonsense. A derrick hoisted him aboard the factory ship in a special sling of the doctor's expert making. There was near silence—only the sounds of the sea, the wind and the clanking derrick. The patient himself broke the spell. As the line tightened and he was carefully wafted aloft, the lusty strains of "The Man On The Flying Trapeze" proclaimed the fact that here was one who was indomitable. Nor was it all rum.

I came to know the tough seamen of the whaling industry in October, 1948, when I set sail for the Antarctic aboard the Southern Venturer, one of the most modern whale factory ships afloat. My job in this Antarctic expedition of sixteen ships and 850 men was that of whale fishery inspector. The major part of my work was to study and report on the pathology of whales. Whalemeat was being taken into Britain. New recipes were being thought up, or old ones unearthed—Louis XIV regarded it as a delicacy. It was the first large attempt at selling whalemeat to the British consumer, and it wasn't very successful.

I believe that the market was spoiled by the early introduction of inferior meat, by the fact that it was handled as fish and sold by fishmongers, and because insufficient guidance was given about how to cook it. It should be treated as you would treat a tenderloin steak. The meat has sold well in Britain, but it is not people who are eating it—we pamper our dogs with it. Yet, to get the meat, whales have been hunted in dangerous waters at the cold end of the world.

Whaling has had its lean years and many men in the industry can remember slim pay packets and minute bonuses. A great many whalers have small farms in the north of Scotland, in the Shetlands or in Norway. They are at home during the summer and early autumn, the time of greatest agricultural activity, and go down to the sea for the northern winter, when the running of a smallholding can be carried out by a capable wife. The farm is an insurance against the chancy business of whaling.

Its chanciness may be the reason why the whalers are superstitious. They are loaded down and oppressed by some of the queerest and most illogical taboos. Many gunners detest cameras and will not allow them aboard. Umbrellas are disliked, and the mention of horses is taboo in whaling ships. It is permissible to speak of gee-gees or equine quadrupeds, but not of horses. I was never able to discover why.

The Jonah superstition—the idea that one man can bring bad luck, bad weather, or bad fishing —is as old as ships themselves. One young meat inspector named Norris went on in the catcher Southern Broom for three days, for the first two of which the weather was very rough; he was violently seasick.

ON the third day, when they struck a big Blue whale, the line snapped when eighty fathoms were out. The whale disappeared. Later in the day they shot a second whale, and as the harpoon left the gun the line broke. With a third whale they had a miss. Nobody would speak to Norris. The gunner made a hundred-mile trip back to the factory ship to get rid of him and his newly won reputation as a Jonah.

Fortunately, none of the gunners regarded me as unlucky. One or two of them had had phenomenally good kills when I was with them and the story had gone round, so that I had no difficulty in going out in catchers whenever it was necessary for my work.

I accepted a long-standing invitation and went off for a few days in Southern Chief with my friend Anton Nielsen. Chief was one of our two buoyboats, a twenty-three year old catcher of obsolete design. In between spells of their principal duty of collecting and delivering carcasses, the buoyboats managed to do a good deal of actual hunting.

One of the expedition's harpoon gunners takes seas in the world. On the board beside him

The buoyboat captains are generally gunners on probation. The time likely to be at their disposal for hunting is not very great and they have to be on their toes. If the buoyboat captain performs efficiently all his allotted duties—buoying, picking up flagged whales, recapturing broken-tailed whales, and so on—and, in addition, manages to kill a good number of whales, he may be in command of a moder catcher the following season.

Chief was old and very slow. Her maximum speed was barely fourteen knots, so that the hunt could not be conducted by running the whale down. Nielsen had to use guile, and he was an expert at judging what a whale was going to do once it dived. He was a good shot, and I never saw him miss.

We got several whales, Nielsen using the killer harpoon for the finish. We then ran into dense fog. The engine-room telegraph rang to "stop engines" and we drifted stealthily in a dim, white, silent world. The few yards of visible

his whalecatcher through the most dangerous are details of the shapes of icebergs in the area

A whale's lower jaw is dissected on Southern Venturer's flensing deck. Many whalers have pet superstitions to get good catches: cameras and umbrellas are taboo; horses cannot be mentioned

water were black and oily. The fog wrapped its clammy blanket closely round us. We stood on the bridge and talked and our voices sounded flat and toneless in our ears.

Suddenly there was a splash and a sound of rippling water. A whale blew, invisible in the fog. Then another, and another. In the flat calm they were all round us but we could see nothing of them. The gunner and the crew were frantic, straining their eyes into the cotton-wool which smothered us, and muttering under their breaths.

A GREAT streamlined body surfaced right alongside. I saw the curvature of the head lift smoothly from the water. The twin valves of the blowholes cleared the surface, twitched and opened. The whale blew, and a spout of vapour blossomed high into the air. The gleaming black body rolled gracefully over in the water.

The school disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and we were alone again in a clammy, soundless universe. After a few hours the fog began to thin, a watery sun shone above us; presently visibility returned, and we were again floating on a blue sea, with a large iceberg less than a quarter of a mile on the starboard beam. From the crow's nest came the familiar, excited shout, *"Blaast! Blaast!"* Whales were blowing near the berg.

Thousands of tons of glistening blue ice towered above us; many thousands of tons more were concealed by the surging water. The berg was weathered—carved into pinnacles, towers and minarets, deeply pitted with hollow, booming caves into which the water surged and spumed. We were so close to it that we could feel its cold breath as we continued the chase. A small group of a dozen penguins on one of the lower slopes watched with amusement and assured each other that the silly season was on again.

Black smoke belched from our stack and slapped across the ice. We chased our whale four times round the berg, heeling over dangerously as we cleared the jutting promontories. The penguins grew enthusiastic. They wagged their flippers and toddled down the ice slopes to the edge of the water, but in spite of their support we were bested. The whale got away, and it was, of course, much bigger than any of the others we took!

The Antarctic Pilot, one of the most fascinating books I know, is a mine of useful information about Antarctic waters. "Vessels entering the Antarctic icepack," it observes, "should be provisioned and equipped to winter in the pack, and fitted out to meet the emergency of abandoning ship." Pleasant reading, particularly at bedtime when the ice is talking within a foot of your head.

The Antarctic is where all the bad weather comes from and goes to. These are the stormiest seas in the world. The weather is unpredictable and it can change within an hour. The hazards are many and, even with all the modern navigational aids, bergs and hard ice are still great dangers.

The great bergs are born from ice barriers and glaciers. Many thousands of tons of ice calve off and plunge into the sea. On a still day in South Georgia you can hear the booming of those great births.

ICEBERGS capsize, probably more than once, as melting takes place below the water line, and this gives rise to weathering, the process by which the shapes of ivory castle and wedding cakes result. There are few more beautiful sights than a field of hummocky ice under a bright sun. The ice gleams like moonstones.

Beautiful but hazardous. There was one black night, in a spell of snow and storm when the sea was running high. Every now and then there

M-M-M-M- you'll love them!
FOR NEW COUGH COMFORT!
NEW WILD CHERRY FLAVOUR
VICK MEDICATED LOZENGES
Medicated with Throat-Soothing Ingredients of VICK VAPOUR-RUB
NEW WILD CHERRY FLAVOUR!
Really medicated, wonderfully soothing!
Delicious Vick Wild Cherry Lozenges contain proved medications of Vick Vapour-Rub! No wonder they soothe sore throat, relieve dryness and calm coughs in a hurry!
NOW 2 FLAVOURS!
I LIKE CHERRY!
I PREFER REGULAR!
VICK MEDICATED LOZENGES
YOU DECIDE... both effectively medicated... both give wonderful relief!

would be a splintering crash like the sound of breaking glass, as a lump of ice fell from the rigging to smash on deck.

I went up on the bridge of the great factory ship and had a look at the radar screen. It was not reassuring. There was pack ice all round us, and off to starboard a berg as big as the City of London. A lot of the pack ice was more than two years old, blue, jagged stuff, tougher than the hull of any ship.

A catcher vessel came alongside for bunkering. I went into the pantry and had some tea there. The radar set broke down and was out of action for an hour. The berg bore down on us rapidly. The catcher saw it coming, looming silently out of the black menace of the night and the storm. The gunner left smartly and in such haste that he forgot to cast off, and we lost a set of hawsers.

The escape was a hairsbreadth affair. We missed the berg by the grace of God alone. It came so close that if the catcher had remained alongside, she would have been crushed. It loomed over us like the dome of St. Paul's and the cold chill of its deathly presence settled on us.

We could see all the cracks and fissures in its cruel, rocky face. It dropped sheer and straight down through the water. If it had had a gentle slope under the surface, it would have ripped the bottom out of Southern Venturer in a few seconds.

We were past and away with two bumps in the time it takes a man to say "Oh God!"—not blasphemously. On the bridge, the Old Man, summoned from his bed, said exactly what he thought of modern navigational aids and so-called sailors who put too much trust in them. Under stress his English broke a little, but its mixture with powerful Norwegian conveyed his meaning.

THE ships in the fleet had some great characters aboard. In Venturer herself we had, above all, my co-inspector Captain Stewart. We met on my first morning aboard. His face was brick red and his hair white; his eyebrows were large and craggy and below them a pair of gleaming mulberries twinkled at me. He introduced himself: Cap'n Graham Stewart, Merchant Navy, Retired. Inspector of Southern Venturer since the year of her launching. "Settling ashore? I'm not even thinking of it. I'm still in the prime of my life. Only fifty-seven."

The Chief Engineer looked at me and said: "He's been going down in crew lists for the past eight years as fifty-seven." Cap'n Stewart joined in the laughter. He was one of the most likeable, annoying, experienced and strong-willed characters I have ever met.

The day he came aboard he carried an odd collection of suitcases, kitbags and brown paper parcels which he carefully stowed away in odd corners of his cabin. Included was a great square package of Sunday newspapers, hoarded during his absence by his wife.

Every Sunday morning he would break one out, read it from cover to cover, and then dumbfound us with ancient news which we had long since forgotten but which was, for him, hot from the presses. "I see they're going to hang that feller," he said once, and, in answer to raised eyebrows, he mentioned a murderer long since buried.

"We're slipping it across the Aussies in the second Test," he would say at breakfast, before describing, over by over, a game which had been history for months.

Cap'n Stewart did not get along too well with the ship's doctor. Both were individualists, both were experts in their own fields, and both were men of very wide and varied experience. I was on friendly terms with each of them and became the recipient of confidences.

Doc was genuinely worried about Cap'n Stewart's state of health. At last when, as he said himself, he had eaten something which disagreed with him, Cap'n Stewart could no longer avoid consulting Doc.

Doc was a conscientious man. He examined the Cap'n thoroughly, then outlined a course of treatment and, with a restrained delight that his obligations as a doctor could coincide so closely with his expressed opinions as a man, he drew up a very strict diet and insisted that the Cap'n stick to it.

The day began for the patient with one cup of weak tea and one slice of dry toast. All mealtimes were marked by the same frugality. Cap'n Stewart, in his accustomed place at table under the doctor's eagle eye, persevered with his diet.

But the stewards were his friends and allies. The Cap'n used to get to the saloon half an hour before mealtimes and tuck into his usual ample meal. Then, when the doctor and the rest of us arrived, he would nibble his meagre diet with much grumbling.

I have seen him after a large bowl of porridge, a dish of fried eggs and bacon, and several rounds of hot buttered toast, all washed down with a pot of coffee, plead eloquently with the stony-hearted doctor for just one more piece of dry toast, or the tiniest pat of butter.

This regimen ought to have killed him, but, at frequent medical examinations, Cap'n Stewart's heart was better, his blood pressure was improved, his pulse, respirations and tongue were not only back to normal, they were better than normal. Doc was delighted, and indicated the sinful wickedness of over-indulgence, and talked of the marvels of modern dietetic methods.

Cap'n Stewart, his mulberry eyes twinkling, was almost pathetically grateful for the blessings of medical science.

The Doc himself was a character. He had a hobby and secret vice. He was a railway expert; above all, an authority on timetables. He liked nothing better than to be asked to plan a journey by rail from, say, New Quay (Cardiganshire) to Newquay (Cornwall). Doc knew it all.

We were a bit sceptical, but, whale factory ships being what they are, nobody was surprised when an A B C Railway Guide was produced. Doc was unquestionably and irrefutably right in ninety-five per cent of his statements.

He started, inadvertently, a controversy which raged among all the ships of the fleet throughout the season. He maintained that there was no underground railway at Glasgow's Central Station. Feelings ran high. A small group of contestants wanted to send a reply-paid cable to the station-master: "Have you an underground station?" but the radio officer refused to take it.

Enormous bets were laid and paid honourably at the season's end. I, myself, lost half a crown to Doc, who was strongly against all forms of gambling unless he was on to a dead cert.

I LEARNED a lot about whales as the season wore on, and much of it came from my talks with Captain Nilsen, the manager of the expedition.

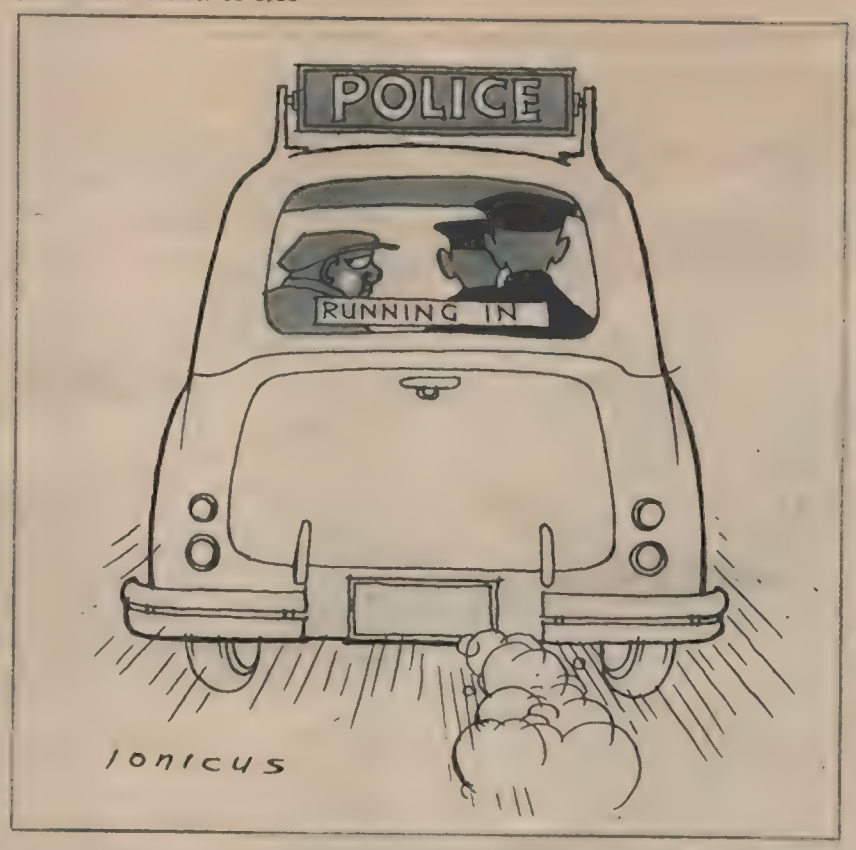
"The biggest creature in the world," Nilsen told me, "lives on one of the smallest. He feeds on krill—little shrimps. The whales swim round in the krill patch until their mouths are full, then they close their jaws, and the tongue tightens and forces the water out between the baleen plates which hang from the upper jaw, and keep all the little shrimps in the mouth.

"The Baleen whales have only two enemies, man and the Killer whale. They always run away and speed is their best friend.

"The whale can hear sounds from a long way off. He has very good ears. Just a little hole in each side of the head, not so big as the tip of my little finger, but inside is a bone like a big shell, and wax as in any other ear.

"The Humpback is a fat whale, full of oil and covered with barnacles. Humpbacks are dirty looking whales, because they calve in shallow waters, in Pacific lagoons.

"The cow whale gives suck to the little baby whales. The size of the teat on the mother is very small, but the baby makes a vacuum with his tongue and hangs on and sucks like that. Sometimes when a cow whale with a calf is being chased, she will take the



calf under one flipper and dive with the baby held there.

"The Humpbacks are funny whales, always liking to play and make love. When the barnacles are itchy, they will sometimes come and rub themselves on the side of a ship.

"Sick whales? I never saw a sick whale. Perhaps the Killer gets them all. I never saw a dead whale that didn't die by harpoons. Maybe whales are like elephants and all go to the same place when they are old and near death. The sea is big and keeps its secrets."

On the for'ard deck there is a score-board showing the total number of whales killed and the daily yield of oil and by-products. As the season closes, somebody writes "*Slutt*" across it. "*Slutt*" means "finish."

At midnight on March 26 it ended. Immediately the work of lifting the sodden and scarred planking of the deck covering began. I heard the first sounds of ripping wood from where I sat in my office. Outside, dim figures were working with picks and crowbars. I put on my fur cap and windbreaker and went out and joined them. Before dawn the decks were clear of the planking, which had all gone overboard, and the cleansing process had begun.

We had a great desire to be home again. There was an urgent need of relaxation, of drink, of women's company, of a good book and a comfortable armchair, of clean linen and a cheerful fire, of ordinary clothes and a civilized hair-cut, of all the simple things like the sound of the laughter of children, the bark of a dog, footfalls on a gravel path, the sight of smooth green lawns and a house in a garden.

We made good homeward speed for the first few hours, left the pack ice behind, but were in the region of many bergs. The cleansing process, which was to last till we were within sight of home, was well in hand. We ran into very bad weather and had two days of continuous storm. The southern winter was closing in rapidly.

We spent five days in Leith Harbour, and a violent outbreak of parties was sponsored by the gunners. Then we were off, a babble of gramophone music coming over our loudhailer, broken at intervals by a tipsy electrician, homeward bound after eighteen months of Leith, shouting happily into the microphone: "Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!"

As the whalers sailed homeward, plans were hatched for foiling the Customs. The whaler is an individualist, inclined to regard with a fine scorn any government servant, particularly a Customs officer. Most whalers smoke heavily, and tobacco is sold free of duty in enormous quantities on the factory ship. The average whaler would like to get through the Customs with sufficient tobacco to last out the four months or so between seasons.

Most of the smuggling is petty, but one combine of three astute men formulated a method of smuggling whisky ashore which was clever and might have been successful. They acquired a hundred bottles of whisky abroad.

The bottles were concealed inside blocks of whalemeat, frozen, packaged and bagged. They were marked with special XX brand to indicate experimental grades, in addition to the usual grade sign and serial number.

An elaborate scheme had been worked out for the sidetracking of these special blocks on unloading in England, but something went wrong, and the XX meat went into general cold storage along with the rest of the consignment. The three disgruntled smugglers faded from the story.

Meanwhile the frozen whalemeat was steadily dispatched to hotels, institutes, restaurants and to those butchers who were willing to experiment with a trial block or two. A message reached the company from a small butcher in the Midlands, one of the few independent customers ever to show enthusiasm for the product.

"Send me another three hundredweights," he wrote. "It is good meat. I would like to have the same quality as before. The marking on the package is XX."

He received a further consignment, and almost by return of post there came another order for double his previous one, and speaking most enthusiastically of the high quality, good value and great palatability of the meat, in particular of the XX grade.

That butcher exhausted all the supplies of XX whalemeat and then took a small delivery of another grade. Thereafter his orders ceased abruptly.

My return to civilization was marked by the removal of my beard, a thing of great beauty and comfort. It is amazing how much hair the chin can grow in a short space of time, and how very average the unremembered face can be when the hair is removed.

Also, the first time I touched civilization, I bought a copy of Melville's *Moby Dick*. In my cabin I began to read: "Call me Ishmael. . . . This is a book by a whaleman, about whalemen, and for whalemen, would-be and otherwise."—*Slutt*. THE END

"Whale Hunt" by Ross Cockrill will be published shortly as a book, by Frederick Muller, Ltd., under the title "Antarctic Hazard," at 15s.

they're
full of life on
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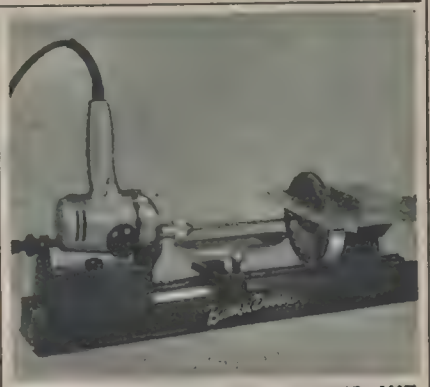

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CAPTAIN OF HUNGARY

Continued from page 15

join their tour of Mexico when several of their players were laid up with injuries. I accepted at once and my release was arranged with Kispest.

It took us two days to reach Mexico —my first flight in an aeroplane. Our reception in Mexico City was wonderful but, as soon as we could, a friend and I changed into shorts and set off to see the sights.

Everybody in the streets turned to stare at us, and we thought that we must be very popular. Not far from the hotel we were stopped by a policeman who didn't look at all friendly. We couldn't understand a word he was saying, but he took our arms and made signs that he wished us to go with him.

He was jabbering furiously and we were embarrassed by the crowd that was watching us. So we decided that the best thing would be to go with him without any more fuss. We did—and found ourselves in the nearest police station.

FOR five and a half anxious hours, the two of us were detained there, prisoners in a strange country without anyone in the police station who could speak a word of our language.

At last our captain arrived. He had searched everywhere for us and telephoned every police station to ask for help in tracing the missing Hungarian footballers. Every station reported no information. Two young foreigners were being detained on a charge of offending public morals in the street. That was the only incident reported in which aliens were involved.

At first it never occurred to him that there could be any connection between these two foreigners and us, but when all else failed he decided to check up.

We were furious at the accusation and denied that we had been guilty of any breach of good conduct. In the end we found that the trouble was our shorts. They had scandalized the Mexican people as much as if we had walked through the streets in our underwear.

Just before our big match, the policeman who had arrested us came to me and asked me for free tickets for himself and his fiancée.

After that Mexican tour, I played a series of important games inside and outside Hungary. The one I remember most vividly was against Yugoslavia, our old rivals, in Belgrade.

Although we took an early lead by two goals to one, Yugoslavia kept up constant attacks which confined the play to our half. All the Hungary forward line, including myself, had to drop back to help the defence.

A dangerous situation developed as the Yugoslav right wing beat our full back, and I raced back desperately to try to intercept before he shot at goal. He saw me coming and instead of running on to shoot, decided to pass to his centre forward. He swung the ball across with tremendous force.

Still running at full speed, I lunged vainly but could not gather the ball. Instead it struck my toe and was deflected into the net. Our goalkeeper didn't stand a chance.

I felt I could hardly survive such an awful misfortune. And as for the poor goalkeeper—he never dreamed of his friend Puskas doing such a thing. I could have killed myself.

We now had two goals each, but within a minute we had scored again —this time into our opponent's net. My horrible misfortune did not lose us the game.

The following season, 1948, was not a lucky one for me. I was injured several times, once or twice very seriously. At the end of the year, I was forced to take three months' complete rest from football.

On paper, our international record was nothing to be ashamed of, but I was unhappily aware of a feeling of uncertainty creeping through the Hungarian team.

Different clubs in Hungary had been developing new tactics and techniques and there were considerable disputes over the effectiveness of the various theories. Consequently, the unity of our national side was upset. We couldn't find a consistent playing style.

By the end of the year, the split in the spirit of the team was unmistakable. Our play became thoroughly passive, and Czechoslovakia beat us 5-2.

After that dramatic defeat in Prague, the controversy about the future of the international side began. Our tactics, our style of play, the selection of the team's captain, and our method of training were all criticized. Traditions, it was generally agreed, were unimportant. What mattered was playing to win and scoring more goals than our opponents even if the artistry of the game had to suffer.

One camp favoured the English style of speedy play with plenty of passing. Another section preferred the true Central European method of football with intelligent tactics and artistic play that was beautiful to watch. A third held that Italy's recent successes were due to their footballers being trained as athletes.

These theories and styles had their good points, but unfortunately none of them really suited Hungary's problems. We felt that we needed something entirely new and different.

There were three main points to consider. The standard of the whole team had to be raised by using the very best and most experienced players. A new pattern of teamwork and tactics had to be evolved. And finally we had to build a regular international eleven. This meant keeping the players together always. The idea of including some players only occasionally in the team would be abolished.

It was on these three principles that our success was built. Up to this time, the English system of play had been the model for teams all over the world. Consequently their standard tactics were easily recognizable—like orthodox moves in chess by players of all nations. We had to find tactics which would not only bring new possibilities to the game and please our players, but also enable us to hide the development of our manoeuvres from opponents.

Our trainers, therefore, went to work on a new plan to play as many unexpected variations as possible on the English system—surprise tactics and manoeuvres that could not be foreseen by opponents.

Instead of the "magic square" of half backs and inside forwards playing themselves to a standstill, the work was to be shared out among the team. Attack and defence should work as one and keep the whole of the team busy all the time. Players would carry out manoeuvres according to a prearranged formula so that a lot of activity and movement would confuse the opponents' defence.

UNDER our new system, instead of having two full backs and three half backs, we had three full backs and two half backs, so that the team was made up of: goalkeeper; right, centre and left full backs; right and left half backs, and the standard forward line.

The goalkeeper was not only to guard the goal, but his duties included direction of the defence at certain times. It was realized that from his position he was able to see the play over the whole field.

Furthermore, in certain situations, he had to come out of the goal to the edge of the penalty area and act as a full back. His part in attack was clearing the ball rapidly to an exact spot from which one of a number of prescribed manoeuvres would automatically develop.

The three full backs' orders were to turn any attack away from themselves in such a way that they would start a Hungarian counter-attack. This meant that only in the most desperate situation inside the penalty area were they allowed to clear the ball blindly away from the goal. The pattern of their defence was a diagonal line, pivoted according to the position of play.

The rôle of the two half backs was mainly defensive. They had to mark

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

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AQUASHOW PRODUCER
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SIR WILLIAM ROOTES
A revealing pen portrait of motoring's super salesman by Wilfred Greatorex

the opposing inside forwards, and prepare their own team's attack. Again, according to the position of the play, one was to help the attack while the other concentrated on defence.

The wing forwards were given a much wider range of movement. During an attack, they would keep to their wings, strengthening the general situation. But when necessary they were to run back to the penalty area to help the defence by countering attacks, and try to swing the ball upfield again.

The spearheads of the attack were the inside forwards. It was their primary duty to put the ball into the goal, and they were also responsible for defensive action by harassing the opposing half backs and full backs.

The centre forward had the responsibility of marking one of the opposing half backs, although the preparation of attacks was his main business. His aim would be to get the ball, sometimes by taking an active part in the defence, and then to launch an attack with it.

THESE were only the principal functions of the different positions when our new system was introduced. There are many other duties for which players have to be prepared.

The Hungarian system demanded of the players knowledge, speed, endurance and strength, and the most thorough preparation beforehand. But the result was worth it. Frequently, opponents using English methods were confused when we introduced our new system. The centre forward detailed to mark our centre forward had either to follow him and leave a gap in front of his goal, or else keep to his position in the centre and leave the centre forward to bring the ball up into attack without interference.

The new Hungarian method of football was first worked out by Gustav Sebes—now Hungary's Deputy Minister of Sport—and his assistants.

We achieved good results partly because the Hungarian eleven is picked from a maximum of three teams. These are the key players, the backbone of the international side.

Of course, the new system of play was not introduced without difficulties. It needed a lot of work, practice and patience. We realized that if a man was dropped every time he made a mistake, and a new player brought in to replace him, we could never master a new system.

At the beginning of each year, about twenty players are selected to form the framework of the international team. To this, other good players who will fit in without disturbing the unity of the team are added when necessary.

Experience has proved this to be a sound method of selection, as even when one or two first-class players are out of action, they can be immediately replaced.

After practising it in league matches at home, we introduced our new system of play in the next international and won a terrific victory against Austria by 6-1 in Budapest in 1949.

I cannot pretend that in so short a time we were perfect and that all went exactly according to plan, but the players were enthusiastic. After this memorable match I was very happy when the newspapers wrote : "Puskas has got back his old form, and his three masterful goals added to the team's victory."

I was practising very hard at that time, because after my accidents I had been afraid that my career was over. It was worth it. The ball was once more at my command.

I was thinking about the big international programme we were looking forward to, and the fact that it had also been decided that we should take part in the forthcoming Olympic Games at Helsinki.

Another force was also driving me to better and better work. For the first time in my life I fell in love. Her name was Elizabeth, and she is now my wife. I felt her eyes constantly following me as I played and I despaired when I did anything wrong.

I think this redoubled my efforts and improved my form. I trained hard, not only at football, but at handball as well, because my fiancée played handball.

In July that year, our team was to go to Sweden. As I was walking home one day after practice, a stranger approached me and said: "Mr. Puskas? Have I the pleasure?"

He handed me a letter, and hurried away. It was a shock. An important club in Italy was anxious to engage me and suggested that my trip to Sweden would be a convenient moment for negotiations.

A representative of the club would meet me in Sweden, and he had full power to sign me for a fee of £53,000. They asked me not to mention this offer to anyone.

I think my face went white, then red, then white again. I was strongly tempted, and for days I kept thinking of all the things I could buy with such an enormous sum.

I pocketed the letter, and did not mention it to anyone.

IN the next league match, my game was so bad that it gave rise to doubts whether I should keep my place in the international side. After this game, Uncle Nandi took my arm and said: "Tell me frankly, Ocsi, what has happened that has knocked you silly?"

I tried to put him off, but not for long. In the end I told him what was worrying me so much. He did not say a word until I had finished. "Are you going to sign the contract?" he asked me.

"I don't know," I answered, and it was the truth. We parted with a promise that I would make up my mind and tell him my decision by the following Wednesday. That gave me three days.

On the Wednesday I had a date with my fiancée. In my mind I had planned many ways of telling her the news

Back from school—and hungry for their dinner. Mrs. Rolfe has a good meal ready. In it she has used Bovril. "Bovril is so good," she says, "I give it to them whenever I can."

This mother of five knows how to keep young and lively

Finishing touches to a model engine. Mr. Rolfe spends most of his spare time at his favourite hobby. His four sons are keen to help. "I give them all plenty of Bovril," says Mrs. Rolfe, "and they're always full of energy."

Avril works—spare time—on a portrait. Evenings are well-spent in this family. "At bed-time we have Bovril," says Mrs. Rolfe. "It's so tasty and satisfying."

'Bovril looks after us all,'
says Mrs. Rolfe of Horsforth, Leeds

Mrs. Esmé Rolfe of Springfield Walk, Horsforth, is young-looking, full of life. Yet the eldest of her 5 children is 16. This hard-working mother's special interests are reading and first aid; her husband's—interior decorating, model engineering. And the secret of her family's fitness? "We have plenty of Bovril," she says.

She's up every day at 7.30. Once the children are off to school, she does a hard day's work before they come home at 4.30, hungry for dinner. Bovril is often in that meal. Mrs. Rolfe says, "When you need something tasty and substantial Bovril's very satisfying."

Outdoor life

Her children love an outdoor life. Their favourite sports: cycling and sleighing. "They all have healthy appetites," says mother, "specially when Bovril's in the meal." Mr. Rolfe, a Clerk of Works, only gets home at week-ends. "I see he gets Bovril when he's home," says his wife.

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about the offer, but my carefully rehearsed words always became nothing when we met.

She arrived in an unhappy mood, hurt because she thought that I had been avoiding her for some reason. I couldn't keep my secret from her any longer. I blurted out everything.

Elizabeth started sobbing. First from pleasure because I said I loved her more than a fortune, and then from fear of losing me if I decided after all to accept the offer.

Then, looking at her tearful face, I decided. "I won't sign," I shouted. "I will stay. I won't sign."

We took a taxi to Uncle Nandi's. As soon as his door opened I shouted: "Uncle Nandi, I am not going to sign."

"Thank you, Ocsi," he said. "I knew you would not disappoint me." There were tears in his eyes.

From then on my nights were undisturbed.

IN Stockholm the day before the match, when I was resting in my room, the telephone rang. Would I please come down to the hall?

There was a stranger waiting for me. He said noncommittally that he was the representative I was expecting, and put a piece of paper in front of me. It was the agreement.

A sum of £53,000 was to be paid to me in cash for a three-year contract. I felt dazed. All I had to do was sign, and the money would be mine. My previous resolution faded. I couldn't refuse that offer on the spot.

"I would like a day to think it over," I said.

I wished that I hadn't made that promise. During the discussion of tactics just before the match, I was reprimanded by the trainer for my inattention. Such a thing had never happened to me before in my life. But the reprimand was well merited. As a result I was dropped from the team until half-time.

I was extremely ashamed of myself. But on the field I quickly forgot my troubles. Football is a very good medicine.

After the match I was surrounded by a crowd of newspaper reporters and photographers. Was it true, I was asked, that I had plans to go abroad? Had I signed a contract? Was I going to sign one?

I had to answer and there could be no wavering. I declared solemnly that neither then nor in the future would I ever sign a contract to go abroad.

The same evening the Italian club's representative came to my hotel. He raised his offer to a still more tempting figure, but I was calm now, and my mind was firm. Not for any money in the world would I leave my country or my club.

I tried hard to settle down after the excitement in Stockholm, but my personal worries for that season were not yet over. Both my father and my fiancée fell seriously ill, and I was so depressed that it began interfering with my form.

As a result, when the team to play Austria was selected, I was, at first, named only as a reserve. But the captain had not lost confidence in me and decided on the day before the match to put me in the team as a full player.

We knew it was going to be a very hard match. The Austrians were hungry for revenge because of the 6-1 defeat they had suffered at our hands. We expected to have to fight all the way, but we had confidence in our new system. It *had* to succeed.

It was a hard game, that autumn of 1949, but at half-time we were leading 3-2.

At the start of the second half, our play was careless and Austria made the most of the opportunity to level the score.

It looked as though the match was going to finish as a draw when, in the last minutes, the referee awarded us a penalty. I placed the ball on the spot and stepped back. We had agreed at the conference before the match that I was to take any penalties.

The whistle blew and I ran at the ball, but before I could kick it the referee stopped me. A player who had been hurt was still sprawling on the ground inside the penalty area. We waited while he was carried off the field.

For the second time I started towards the ball, and again I was stopped by the referee. This time it was because a player who had helped to carry the injured man off had returned to the field and was in the penalty area.

Now I was really nervous. I looked round carefully to see whether there was any reason for another delay. I could see nothing. I ran to the ball, but the kick was wasted. A reserve player had chosen that moment to come out on to the field, and the referee ordered the kick again.

I had to take the kick—the result of the match depended on it—but I was completely unsure of myself. Then I made up my mind. With all my power behind it, I slammed the ball at the goal. It shot into the net within an inch of Zemann's right foot.

That was the end of the match. After twelve years, Hungary had won again in Vienna.

Through the winter of 1951, we worked hard to master our new system and prepare for the following year's Olympic Games. The omens looked good for us—victories over East Germany, Poland, then Finland.

We arrived in Helsinki two weeks before the Games were due to start. A special kitchen had to be set up for us because our Hungarian palates, accustomed to rich, spicy foods, just couldn't get used to the Finnish dishes that were often cooked in milk.

When the Games started, we fought our way through to the finals without much difficulty. The match for the championship itself was not so easy. Our rivals were Yugoslavia, a team which had adopted tactics similar to our own.

Little mistakes marred that match with Yugoslavia. In mid-field we didn't do too badly, but in front of goal our knowledge seemed to evaporate. Somehow we just could not finish of well-begun attacks.

During the interval we discussed new tactics. They seemed effective, for we began the second half like changed men. We led better and better attacks and I, too, regained my self-confidence. We encouraged each other. "We just have to win this!" We fought with all our might.

Finally, in the twenty-sixth minute of the second half, I received a long pass across the goalmouth from Czibor. The Yugoslav goalkeeper threw himself on the ball, but let it drop. I quickly took possession and, without any hesitation, slammed the ball into the net.

Goal! We were leading 1-0.

FROM that minute all went well, and to put the issue beyond all doubt Czibor added another goal two minutes before the end. Hungary had won the Olympic Football Championship.

Immediately after the game, we were called to attend the ceremonial announcement of the result. I, as captain of Hungary, stood on the platform to receive the honour. Tears of happiness rolled down my cheeks as the loudspeakers blared out: "The Olympic Champions of Football for the Fifteenth Summer Olympic Games are the Hungarian team."

We were Olympic winners, and soon our new tactics were to take us into the finals of the World Championship. I still have a scar from the battle that took place during that series of games when, like wild animals, our opponents attacked us in our dressing-room.

But perhaps the greatest triumph for Hungary's new-style football was to come at Wembley, when we became the first Continental team to defeat England at home for half a century.

NEXT WEEK: We cripple old-style football

"Captain of Hungary" by Ferenc Puskas is being published as a book on October 27 by Cassell & Co., Ltd., at 10s. 6d.

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TRIUMPH IS THEIR TRADEMARK

Continued from page 17

opened, local authorities, ex-Servicemen's associations, disabled groups, doctors, M.Ps, all pressed the claims of their own disabled. In the face of such pressure, Remploy opened factories much faster than was advisable. In the year, between March, 1949, and March, 1950, twenty-six new factories started work.

"It would be madness for any business to attempt expansion at such a rate," says Air Commodore G. O. Venn, the executive director. By 1953 Remploy had opened ninety factories, including seven special factories for tubercular workers, which covered a variety of trades: woodworking, leatherwork and textile sewing, surgical footwear and appliances, cardboard box making, knitwear, brushes and brooms, bookbinding, light engineering and pre-packaging.

Eighty-five per cent of Remploy's workers are severely disabled. The fifteen per cent fit or less severely disabled are there to do the jobs too heavy or too dangerous for the majority and to provide a production impetus. Most of Remploy's workers are unskilled and have no training before they start. They learn as they work.

Managers try to fit the man to the job; a man without the use of his legs is given a job where he can sit: a man with one arm is given a job that minimizes his disability. But a perfect match is not always possible. The manager of the Stoke engineering factory says: "I may have five people doing the same job in five different ways, none of them what a planning engineer would consider the best way for a fit person."

Often the job has to be broken down to fit the labour. In the Oldham factory one woodworking job is broken down into ten operations and shared by several workers; in normal industry it would consist of four consecutive operations for one fit man.

By agreements reached with the trade unions, Remploy's 6,200 severely disabled workers (including about 380 women) are paid, on average, seventy-five per cent of the normal trade rates. At first it was estimated that the production of such workers would be between one-third and one-half of that of a fit man. In practice it has proved to be about a quarter.

When Remploy started there was no precedent for its work. It had to learn from its own experience and mistakes. With so many special considerations, it is not surprising that Remploy did not at once find the answers to its problems, and has not yet found them all.

IN 1952 the Select Committee on Estimates criticized "the serious condition into which the Remploy organization had fallen and the serious loss of public money involved," and added that "considerable reorganization of the management of the company is now imperative." Remploy's excess of expenditure over income was then about £2½ million a year, but, on the other hand, there was a saving to the Ministry of Labour of about £1 million in assistance grants.

Following the suggestions of the Select Committee, Remploy continued with extra vigour the policy of reorganization that had already been started. Sam Green, a business methods expert, was appointed managing director. During the war, Green, a brisk Lancastrian, had wide experience as a "business doctor" with the government's finance corporation. His job had been to reorganize companies which were doing important war jobs uneconomically.

"My only rule then was that those companies had to be made to pay," says Green. "If it meant sacking three or four hundred men, they had to go. If I thought of a modification of a product to improve its sales value, I'd put a number of machines working three shifts, night and day, to turn them out. Such methods are out of the question with Remploy."

Green filled much of the idle time in the factories by ordering products which were in bigger demand. More and more "long run" contracts were sought, allowing disabled workers to develop production efficiency through experience. Mass-production methods are introduced where "long runs" justify them

"At one time we couldn't sell Remploy products," says Green. "Buyers doubted whether disabled people could make high quality goods. Now, by contrast, we are sometimes accused of undercutting the market by producing goods of too high a quality for the price." In fact, Remploy goods are sold at commercial rates, and on their merits.

Every article bears the Remploy trade mark, an oak tree. Sales, now totalling over £3 million a year, have increased by £1½ million. Exports, started in 1953 with £25,000 worth, doubled in 1954, and are expected to increase heavily again this year.

REMPLOY is a social service, and was never meant to make money. Its running costs are a small charge to the conscience of the nation. Men who would have been on the streets selling matches (some of them will admit that at some time they were), or rotting away at home, have won the respect of their wives and children because, disabled, they go out and do a job just like the man next door.

The ingenuity of medical officers, factory managers, and the workers themselves is constantly exercised in devising ways of increasing production and lessening fatigue. In one factory a woman paralysed from the waist down works a sewing machine normally operated by foot control. A special attachment enables her to operate the machine with her elbow.

In another factory a one-armed worker was trained as an arc welder. When the factory changed over to gas welding, which requires the use of two arms, the worker told the manager that he had a fitting with a number of special gadgets for the stump of his left arm. One of them was apparently intended for a nail brush. Together they designed and made a small gadget to fit this so that the worker could do the new job.

Apart from giving disabled men a pay packet instead of an assistance grant, and self-respect instead of an inferiority complex, a secure job often improves their health more satisfactorily than medical treatment does.

Joseph Clough, who worked in the Oldham woodworking factory, was wounded in the head while fighting with a commando unit of the Royal Marines on the D-Day beachhead. As a result of the wound he became epileptic. He spent a year in different hospitals under treatment, and was then advised to stay at home for a while.

When he returned to work he lost job after job because of his illness. Soon he reached the stage where worry about his job brought on the fits that caused him to lose it. He became so bad that he spent another fifteen months at home. Finally, he got a job with Remploy in 1951. With steady work and the knowledge that he would not be sacked because of his illness, Clough improved so much that in the last eighteen months he has been absent from work for only two days.

"About ten per cent of our workers are epileptics," says Denis Molloy, Remploy's personnel manager. "They are among the best we have. There are plenty more stories like Clough's"

Soon after his marriage, Daniel MacNab, who was a skilled pastrycook, contracted arthritis which affected his hands so badly that he was unable to work. He was unemployed for seven years, then he became a sweeper-up in a Remploy factory. MacNab, who was forty-seven when he started work again, studied at home in the evenings with the aid of his wife, and eventually passed his tests to become a production inspector. After eighteen months as inspector, he was made chief inspector of all the numerous types of goods packed in the two Remploy factories at Leeds.

"People like us often get sympathy from our neighbours," says MacNab, "but we would rather have the opportunity of earning our own living and maintaining our self-respect. That is what Remploy gives us." THE END

"I always take my holiday this time of year—so much quieter"

BOY ON A DOLPHIN

Continued from page 21

realization of having gained at least temporary victory. "News hawk," she said cruelly.

Madden winced and resumed his rowing.

From the water, Calder watched them come gloomily. His dive had yielded precisely the same aching emptiness of sand as the earlier one.

He could see only the bows of the approaching dinghy and the back of the junior ancient's head, but then, as the boat turned broadside to him, he saw Pero's triumphant face and heard her call: "We've found it! We've found it!"

Instantly the sun was brighter, the water warmer, the world astonishingly gay. He looked up, his face transformed under the ugly coronet of the mask. "Pero," he said, "you're an angel."

Pero, looking down at him, gave a little nod over to Madden. "He calls me angel and when he does it's rude. But when you do it I like it."

"Angel!" Calder repeated.

"Beelzebub and ten thousand devils!" said Madden cheerfully. "Hang on and we'll tow you back."

The rest this time seemed interminable, but Madden for once was taking an interest in it. He refused to allow Calder to go down again too soon. He ignored the ancients when they complained of the rising wind. Only when he was certain that both Pero and Calder were completely rested would he agree to having the engine started up again.

They moved slowly over to the little marker that bobbed uncertainly on the rising sea.

Pero stood as they came up, watching the buoy's bright colour against the water. "I must have drifted down a little," she said. "We'll go in twenty yards up from the buoy."

They were ready to dive now, and as the boat slowed at the spot she indicated they went quietly and without excitement over the side.

THEY reached the sea bottom almost over the position of the wreck. The amphorae stood up like vast improbable flowers from the swell of the little mound. The shape of the hull showed vaguely stretched out across the bottom, the ghost of a ship, the memory of a sea-past almost inconceivably remote, almost unimaginable.

Calder had checked his dive above it and he hovered there barely moving his feet and letting his eyes run up and down the swelling on the sand. At last he held out both hands to Pero and they turned and began to go up again into the darkness of the purple, out of the purple into the blue, out of the blue towards the chrysoprase, the beryl, the topaz, the singing and the gold.

• • •

The man came up to Guido. "I guess it's fixed," he said. He had the harsh, Americanized accent of the Greek expatriate. "I told him my girl would be coming aboard in a coupla minutes 'n' if he butted in he'd get the works." He handed Guido the tickets.

"You told him not to disturb you until you reached Mykonos?"

"Sure I tol' him."

Torcelli passed him a thin wad of notes. "All right. Now forget it—forget that you've been on board."

"Jeez, I can forget anything!" He felt the thickness of the notes expertly between finger and thumb and walked off through the crowd.

GUIDO waited a little aloof from the gangway. Eventually he saw his chance. A marshalled party of young Germans came almost in formation towards the gateway. Timing his movements very carefully, Guido slipped in to the centre of the party and went through the gate with it. His ticket was taken from an outstretched hand, examined and returned. He went up the steep gangway over the stern of the ship. The afterdeck was, as always, a seething mass of people. There was no likelihood of discovery here.

He went forward to the first-class accommodation. The purser at his desk was overwhelmed by the usual crowd of passengers complaining about cabins, offering bribes, making wild suggestions. It was easy enough to get through that, too. He knew exactly where the cabin was, and he got there safely. The first hurdle was jumped.

Old Loustros, Pero's father, had a considerable interest in the island shipping. The first time Guido had tried to get back to Mykonos he had discovered the weight of it. He'd discovered that there was a ban on his passage in any of the island steamers. It held with the caïques, too, all through the area. None of the inter-island boats, he had discovered, would carry him. Loustros could influence freights and shipping chandlers and Customs officers and shipping officials. If one had millions like Loustros, one could influence almost anybody.

He lay on the bunk, calculating his chances. Norup, the Swedish millionaire to whom he had promised the statue, had booked this double cabin in his own name. The Greek-American had gone aboard as Norup, had taken Guido's gear in as Norup's, had settled in and put across the story of the blonde who was coming in "later." There was, of course, no blonde.

For the rest Guido had a thick wad of the Swede's money in his hip pocket, enough money to overcome the scruples of somebody on Tinos. All he had to do was to find the somebody.

He was still lying on the berth and the door was still unknocked-at when the ship got under way. He was certain now of reaching Tinos. It remained to be seen what would happen if he were discovered there.

In actual fact he went ashore at Tinos without difficulty. Nobody took even the faintest notice.

He walked up into the town with a

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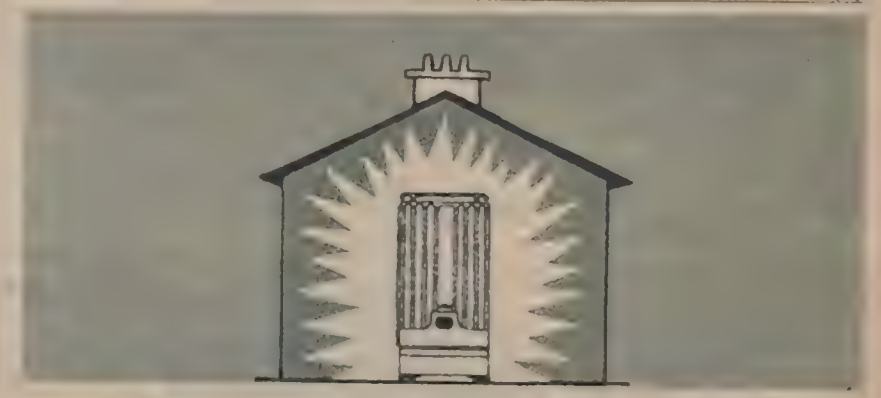

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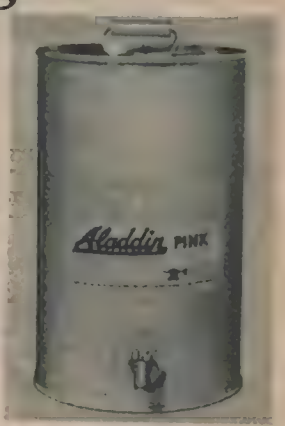

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sense of anti-climax. He had been given the address of a house that took in tourists when the hotel was full. Nobody knew him there. Probably no one knew him in Tinos. He had been there before, but so had thousands of other young men of twenty-two.

After he had secured a bed and left his bag he went down to the waterfront to eat at one of the *tavernas*. The ship was gone, of course; she was halfway across to Mykonos already. He looked over the water and could see her lights directly between the harbour and the thin, delicate crescent of the lights of Mykonos.

At the *tavernas* he chose a table already occupied by two youngsters of the same age as himself and sat down. An hour later he was an old friend. Not until the full hour was up did he broach the question of boats.

Several glasses of ouzo made the path easy. One of the young men had an uncle who had a caïque. One out of two of every young man in every island village had an uncle who had a caïque. In half an hour the uncle was drinking with them at the table, and at a very little after midnight the deal was made. The caïque would pick Guido up in the early afternoon, take him down past Mykonos village, then drop him out of sight of the houses and leave him to swim across Kórfos Bay. The caïque would come back just before dusk and pick him up from the water close in to the cliffs.

THINKING over the story as he walked back to the house, Guido was quite proud of his powers of invention. He was lovelorn—that part came easily enough. His beloved was the daughter of the Mayor of Mykonos—he knew the girl and could describe her without difficulty. One of the young men knew her also. The father was unreasonable, narrow-minded and a brute. That was easy also—the men of Tinos had the usual inter-island dislike of the men of Mykonos.

It was as simple as that. The second young man would go with his uncle as crew, leaving the ordinary members of the crew behind him and keeping the story dark.

There was also the question of price. Being lovelorn, it was only to be expected that he would pay more than the fair market price for chartering the caïque. It was, however, necessary not to pay too much more. He judged the margin admirably and bargained to the very edge of conviction.

The caïque came out across Nikolo Bay and headed east. It was part of Guido's plan that they should simulate a boat coming down from Cape Livada so that they could logically come close in to the Mykonos side. He lay stretched out lazily on the deck as they made the long run down.

He stopped being lazy as they came past Cape Tourlos. One thing could still go wrong with his plans, quite a simple thing. If the Englishman—the professor—was already working on the wreck there would be a caïque in the channel. But he could not be working on the wreck yet. Of that Guido was almost certain. Pero had promised that she would resist anybody whom the government sent down until he himself, Guido, was allowed to come.

Also, even if Pero were working with the professor, they would not be here so late in the the afternoon. He knew Pero; Pero's enthusiasms were for the morning—and for the late evening.

His doubts were not serious, yet somehow he found himself in the bows steadying himself with one hand on the forestay, peering across the empty water. There was a caïque going into Mykonos from up the coast. There was a small steamer which must have left Mykonos half an hour before and would be going to Syra. There was a caïque down towards the sacred island itself.

There was nothing in the Delos Channel. Nonetheless, he stood motionless in the bows all the way down across the main bay until they came up to Aghia Yeoryios. Then he went aft very slowly and began to get his gear together.

He stripped as the point of the land wiped out the last of the Mykonos houses. They were close in to the cliff now. He knew exactly where he wanted to be dropped. There were no doubts left in his mind at all. The channel was empty, and he could see no life either on the barren headland of Mykonos itself or across the water on Delos.

He slipped on the cylinders, put his mask in position on the top of his head, fastened the belt round his waist at last and stepped, web-footed, to the side, the side opposite Delos, so that there would be the least chance of anyone seeing his movement as he slid over.

"Stop her now!" he ordered.

The speed of the boat dropped at once. Soon she was barely moving.

He said at last: "Here—at six o'clock exactly."

Then, like a conjuring trick, there was nothing on the side of the caïque. There was nothing in the water either. The engine picked up again. The caïque went on.

Guido, well clear of the stern, began to swim in towards the shore. Behind him he towed a rubber dinghy uninflated, weighted so that it had a barely negative buoyancy. He swam under water for a hundred and fifty yards before he surfaced. He was only a hundred yards from the cliff now and down the channel he could see the caïque disappearing to the south, heading ostensibly for Naxos. He swam in steadily towards the cliff.

The swell was breaking lightly at the foot of it, breathing up and down the rock. He pushed up his mask and searched for the mark that he wanted, the mark that was their guide for the deep cave below the cliffs. He needed to be about forty feet away when he dived.

The mark was clear enough after a minute or two, a long vertical crack with a horizontal slash across it three-quarters of the way to the top. Pero had judged that the cross was a good omen. He waited, treading water and watching the caïque to make sure that it was out of sight before he began his dive.

As he waited, he thought about Pero—oddy he had not allowed himself to think of her lately. She would, of course, approve of this plan. It was a pity he could not talk it over with her—there was no doubt that she would approve, but still it would have been pleasanter to talk it over.

They would go with the statue itself, and transfer with it to the big yacht that Norup had chartered to pick it up in the open sea. They would go with Norup to Italy or to Algiers or to Gibraltar even, and from there they would fly to England, perhaps, or America. Pero had been brought up in London; England would be best—on their honeymoon.

Pero might not like the idea at once. She had ideas about Greek things, about what belonged to Greece, about the islands. But that was nonsense, of course. . . .

The caïque was far enough away now. Guido slipped the mask down suddenly, put in the mouthpiece and dived.

FOR a little the water was like any water, clear, full of green light and with golden webbing through the light. The only difference was that inshore there was a darkness, blue at the beginning and reddish-brown after. And suddenly, with the surprise that he had always had whenever he had dived in this place, he was swimming down past a fantastic beauty of coral and weed, blazing purple, great swathes of green, banks of dark olive that were slashed across with yellow, and fish.

He was diving through fish. They broke away from him in little plunging plummets of colour. They closed in above him as wheat closes behind a walker in the field. The surge of the deep swell past him swung the weed all in a single direction. He could almost hear the breathing of it over the rock.

He went on heading downwards. The swell drew back again, and the

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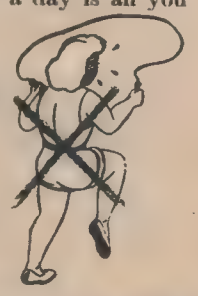

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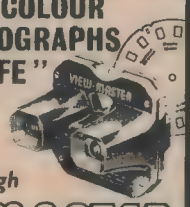

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weeds swung with it over the other way. The fish moved in the swirl like gulls riding the wind off a cliff edge. There were big fish against the coral, fish that watched him insolently as he went past them, not apprehensive, not afraid.

Down, down—the rocks were reeling past. The cliff fell here in a stupendous sheer of battered stone. Deep gullies ran into the rock, great ledges ran along it, and each of them made its own contribution to the symphony of colour.

He was on the bottom before he was prepared for it. The cave was precisely in front of him, a darker purple in the blue. He entered it slowly, almost reluctantly, half-fearful that something would have happened already.

That Pero . . . he loved her, but how far could he really trust her?

On the sand floor, deep inside the hollow of the cave, was a boy riding a dolphin. . . .

The next move wasn't difficult—tricky perhaps, but not difficult. He had carefully worked out exactly what he was going to do before he left Athens.

WITH his knife he cut the lashings of the dinghy. It was clumsy, and without the weights it was a little lighter than the water, but not enough to matter.

The cords that he had put on it were exactly the right length. Slowly, but with a curious undefinable excitement, he made them fast to the dolphin. Then he swam round to the little compressed air bottle. Very gradually he began to let air into the tube of the dinghy.

Twice he cut the flow and tested it. The statue was still too heavy for him to move easily.

For a moment his mind went back to the day they had found it, the long argument that had followed when they went back to the surface to rest. It was Pero who suggested that they should try to get the exhaust air from the cylinders into the body of the dolphin. Some friends of hers had brought an amphora up to the surface that way from the Cousteau wreck off Antheor. It took the weight out of it.

It had needed both of them to keep the dolphin steady and it had taken two days of exhausting effort to get it to the cave. Now he had to move it in one effort and by himself.

He let in more air, until the statue floated off the sand, suddenly and quite quietly.

At once he began to swim with it out to sea. There was another place that would be safe, a place that even Pero could not know.

For the first time he allowed himself to think of the importance of Pero's not knowing.

An hour and twenty minutes later he swam back slowly and tired to a ledge on the point. Pulling himself up above the reach of the swells, he slipped off the diving gear and lay in the low sun against the warmth of the rock. He was very cold, exhausted, a little angry. He was not quite sure with whom he was angry. It seemed to be Pero.

For more than half an hour he lay there. Then he sat up to look out for the caïque.

After a time he saw her coming up against the background of the Praso islets, and slowly, almost with a sense of disillusion, he began to climb into his diving gear again.

ATHENS. Madden slid out of bed with no enthusiasm at all. It was too hot and too noisy to sleep any longer.

When he was dressed he went to the telephone and rang up Thomas Papanikolas, a Greek reporter who occasionally supplied him with information. Thomas said he would be right over, and within half an hour they were having a drink at an outside table.

They talked idly for a while, and then Madden said: "Tell me, what do you know about Guido Torcelli?"

"What am I supposed to know about him?" Thomas asked. "I see him once a week, maybe. Is it his love life?"

"Just his habits and customs. Where's he been grazing the last few days?"

"He was down on Phalaron Bay four nights ago eating at the Rotunda."

"With a party?"

"No, he was eating with Nicomachos."

"Who's Nicomachos?" Madden asked him.

"Nicomachos? Where have you been all your life? Nicomachos rackets—any sort of racket. You want, he gets."

"Small time?"

"Medium," answered Thomas. "He isn't big, but he isn't small any longer."

"Has Torcelli been seeing a lot of him?"

"I wouldn't know. I saw him the other night at the Rotunda—that's all I know."

"Were there any girls in the party?" said Madden.

"He danced with a couple afterwards, but he's still faithful to Pero, if that's what you mean."

"What was he doing yesterday?"

"I expect I could find out."

"The point is," said Madden quietly, "that no one does seem to know, not even his landlady. He disappeared the day before yesterday. Hasn't been seen since. Has Nicomachos?"

"Oh, he's about," said Thomas. "I saw him around midday yesterday and I saw him last night. We'll probably see him this morning if we stay here long enough. He comes here most days."

Madden didn't wait to see if Nicomachos turned up. Guido was the one he was concerned with. He left after a while and went out to call on Pero's father.

HE was shown into old Loustros's private office. It was over-elaborate, like its owner. The panelling was too polished, the lighting fixtures too baroque, the ship models a little too shiny.

Loustros glowered over his desk. He had had dealings with Madden before. Pero's letter was open between finger and thumb and as Madden came in he barked out, "Well?"

Madden eased himself into an armchair before he asked: "Is it all right if I take Torcelli back with me?"

"No!" said Loustros. "No, no, no, no! If he goes to Mykonos, it means that I must bring Pero away and send her to—I don't know—the Engadine or Casablanca or Madeira or some place. I am tired of it and I do not like Italians."

"Why?" Madden decided to keep the ball rolling.

"The Italians stole my ships," said Loustros. "The Italians looted my warehouses, the Italians paid compensation in depreciated currency. Is there any reason why I should explain to you why I do not like them? I do *not* like them."

"Pero," offered Madden gently, "says that the Sicilians are not Italians. They are Normans."

"I do not care if they are Phoenicians," retorted Loustros. "I will not have that boy for a son-in-law. Apart from anything else, he has no money."

"That would probably settle itself," Madden said. "You've got enough for three."

"It will not with that boy!" barked Loustros. He looked up with a glint in his eye. "This is the first time you have set up as a marriage broker?"

Madden grunted. He was for a moment a little uncertain of himself. "Calder needs the boy if he is to make an adequate survey of the wreck. It took two days to find it for a start. You can't expect Pero to dive with him all the time. Besides—she won't."

"Women," said the millionaire slowly and with malice, "are the devil, but young girls are hell—without mitigation. I will bring Pero back

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Every year about 250 ponies are sold—mainly for riding

The barricades go up for Fair day

THREE years ago, a hundred gipsies were squashed into the bar of the Tiverton Hotel at Bampton, in Devonshire, while the Exmoor pony sales were taking place in the orchard at the back. Two women began an argument, and within three or four minutes tempers had run wild. Gipsies leaped from the inn windows, broken glasses were used as weapons, fists flailed.

It took a dozen policemen half an hour to quell the riot, and they suffered casualties. One constable from Yorkshire had his nose badly gashed by a woman's ring. Another man was nearly strangled by an angry woman.

Bampton Fair, on the fourth Thursday in October, is held under a charter of 1258. It is a meeting place for gipsies from all over the country.

Every year, plenty happens at Bampton Fair. In the old days, it is said, the Exmoor farmers were just as wild as their ponies. One man was locked up every year as soon as he reached town.

There are cattle and sheep sales near the railway station and the streets of the little town are crowded with stalls. But the real heart of the Fair is the pony sales. Ponies are rounded up by the farmers who have the right to run them on Exmoor and to sell them. At eight o'clock on the morning of the Fair they are brought into Bampton in lorries and penned in the orchard behind the inn. At ten the auction starts; it goes on well into the afternoon.

Although only ten to twelve hands high, these shaggy ponies have fierce tempers. Every year they destroy part of the wooden railing round the tiny sale ring.

Before the war you could sometimes buy a pony for 7s. 6d.—now they bring in anything from £5 to £20 each. About 250 ponies are sold at the Fair every year.

Many Bampton folk barricade their houses on Fair day. Wallace Masland, who has lived in the district for more than fifty years, says: "Once I saw a pony flatten four farm-workers. Then it cleared the heads of the onlookers in one mighty leap."

to Athens and give her the beating that she deserves."

"How long have you been saying that?" demanded Madden. "And when did you last do it—if ever?"

Loustros nodded rapidly to himself. "Since she was one year old—and never."

"Somebody's got to beat her," said Madden pleasantly. "Perhaps this boy will."

"If I thought that . . ." began Loustros and then brushed the idea aside. "He is spineless."

"You haven't thought," asked the newspaperman delicately, "that if she saw a good deal of him contrasted against two people like the Englishman and—" he bowed mockingly at Loustros "—myself, she might see his limitations?"

"No," replied Loustros coldly. "If the two of you together cannot deal with one girl—and from this letter it is quite clear that you cannot—there is no contrast!"

After a little pause he said: "There is also the fact that this boy is not to be trusted."

"Can I ask what you mean by that?" said Madden.

"He associates with people whom nobody can trust. I have had him watched."

"Meaning—" Madden threw over the question negligently "—Nicomachos?"

"How do you know that?"

"I have my spies."

"I know everything that he does," growled Loustros, "and I do not like any of it except when he attends the university."

"Perhaps you know what he's been doing the last two days then?" Madden's eye was innocent.

"Of course!" Loustros stretched out his hand and pressed a bell. When his secretary came into the office through the communicating door, he barked: "Bring me yesterday's report on Torceili."

"There isn't one," said his secretary calmly.

"Why?"

"Because he was not seen yesterday. No one has seen him."

SHE pointed an accusing finger at a pile of papers. "You will find a note about it on your desk, there."

"Find where he is today!" the shipowner ordered. "Tell the agency I must have information at once."

"I have been ringing them every hour," said the secretary icily, and swept out.

"Interesting?" Madden lifted one eyebrow.

"He cannot have got out to

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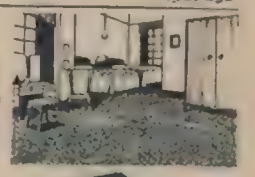

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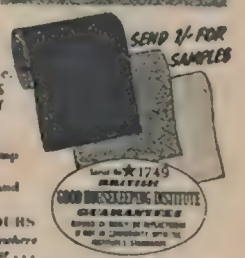

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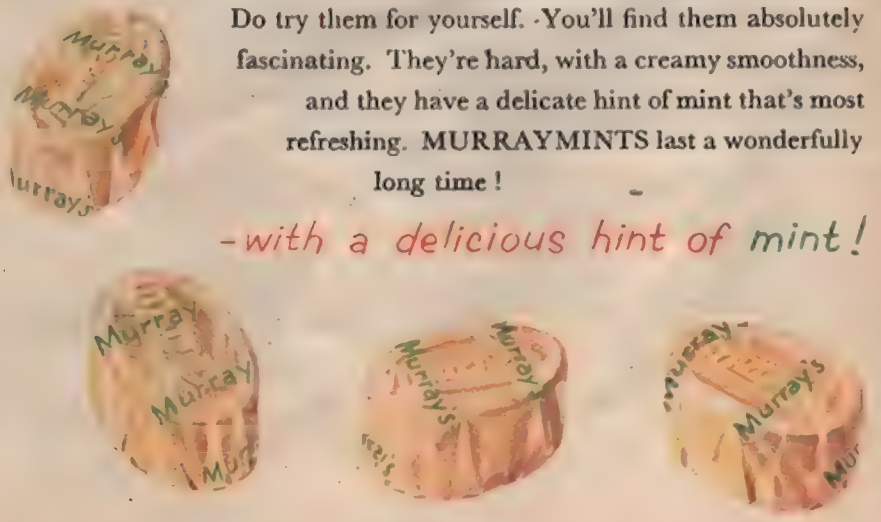

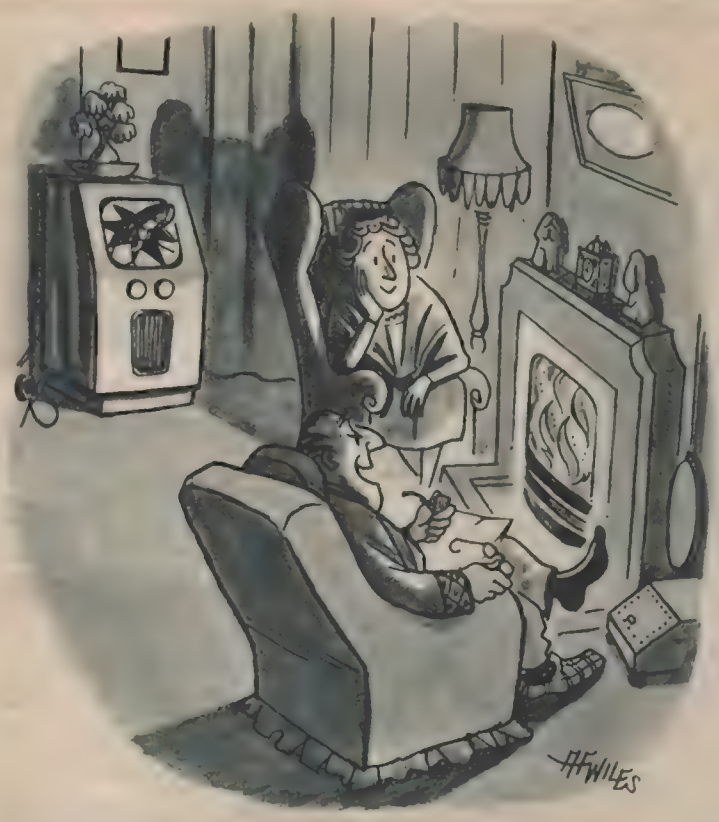

"I haven't had such a pleasant evening for years"

Mykonos," snapped Loustros. "I have made all the necessary arrangements. Besides, he has no money."

"He has Nicomachos," Madden said.

Loustros tapped irritably with a pencil on the top of the desk. After a long pause he said: "Yes, there is Nicomachos."

He lifted the telephone and shouted down it at his secretary. After a moment it was clear that he was talking to somebody outside. Madden decided that it was the detective agency that was supposed to be watching Torcelli. There was a subtle alteration in Loustros's tone. It had taken on an assurance, a command, a certitude that had been absent before. There were two men—the family man and the business man: he had been dealing with the family man.

The cold ruthlessness of the business man was apparent in everything that Loustros said now. The agency would find Torcelli at once, it would find out what his connection was with Nicomachos, it would also find out what Nicomachos was doing and what he was going to do.

The commanding tone was still in his voice when he put the phone down and said: "I am most disappointed with your English professor."

"He's not my English professor," said Madden. "Anyway, you were the man responsible for the granting of his permit."

Loustros said softly: "It is true—I was. But if he is so incompetent that he cannot even carry out the survey of one wreck on the sea bottom without the assistance of a young Italian boy who knows nothing, I will have his permit taken away and given to a Greek professor."

Madden got up slowly and lazily. "I'll give him your message," he said. He paused. "And what do I do about Pero?"

"You can give her my message, too: one word—no!"

GUIDO read through the letter slowly. His eyes were unclear and he seemed worried.

Madden gave him plenty of time before he said: "I tried to get hold of you yesterday morning but you weren't at home. Nor the previous afternoon, either."

Guido looked up angrily. "What's that got to do with you?"

"Not a thing!" agreed Madden cheerfully. "I just wanted to see if you had a story."

"Why?"

"Because a lot of other people are going to ask you about it."

"Who?"

"Loustros for a start, and Pero probably."

The boy flushed angrily at the words, and Madden pounced with a sudden tigerishness: "And Nicomachos, too, I should say."

Guido bit off a retort and was obstinately silent.

Madden shrugged his shoulders and murmured: "Okay, it's none of my business."

THE boy made a gesture of impatience and asked: "Have you seen her father?"

"Sure!"

"Has he given his permission?" Guido's voice was demanding, but not eager. There was something curious in the tone, something Madden could not quite place.

"If he does, are you ready to come back with me?" Madden tried the question at a venture.

There was an obvious hesitation before Guido answered. Then he said: "Not today. I could come—in a few days' time."

"Professor Calder will have completed the survey in a few days' time." Madden was deceptively mild.

"Does her father agree?" The demand was forthright now.

"No dice!" Madden's voice was caustic. "He seems to rate you pretty low—you and Nicomachos. If I were you, I'd watch my step, and on the whole I'm glad I'm not you." He got up and went towards the door. Opening it, he asked: "Any message for Pero?"

"I will give you a letter to her," replied the boy sullenly.

"I am lunching at Floca's—early. I'm catching the afternoon boat. Bring it to me there."

Madden left the boy's room and went down the stairs without turning round, called a taxi and drove to his office. From there he telephoned Thomas Papanikolas.

They met at the restaurant. The Greek was gloomy.

"Nothing more," he said in answer to Madden's query about Guido. "Except that Simonos saw him at the Museum on Sunday."

"Huh!" Madden's voice grew sharp

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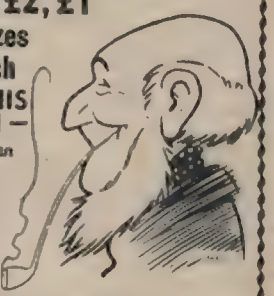

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and eager. "Was he by himself?" he asked.

"Nicomachos wasn't there, if that's what you mean," said Thomas. "There's nothing in his going to the Museum, is there?"

"Who *was* he with?" asked Madden patiently.

"Simonos said he was a Norwegian or a Swede or something. Wait a minute! Elderly man—lots of money. Called Varrup, or something like that."

"Norup!" Madden pounced.

"Norup, that's right. You know him?"

"Norup!"—Madden almost barked the name again—"Swedish millionaire, art collector, eccentric, bit of a crook. What did they look at in the Museum?"

"Hell!" said Thomas woundedly. "Can it matter what a man looks at in a museum? He took the Swede there, that's all. I suppose he was doing it as a guide for twenty drachmas or so—earning a bit of money on the side."

"That would be something new for Guido," said Madden evenly. "There's something that smells in this business. . . ."

Thomas shrugged his shoulders.

"Finish that drink," Madden ordered him, "and then go and find your friend Simonos and ask him what it was that they looked at. If Simonos doesn't know, take him along to the Museum and ask the attendants. I want to know, and I want to know before I leave this afternoon."

THE afterdeck of the ship was packed with the inevitable noisy, restless crowd.

Madden leaned over the rail, close to the gangway, and waited. The first whistle had gone already. On the gangway the usual latecomers were brawling with the usual lategoers.

Thomas arrived with the utmost drama at the very last moment. Madden had suspected that he would. He even wondered if he had kept the taxi waiting round the corner until the whistle.

Heroically Thomas swam his way up the ladder through the purposeful crowd of relatives and friends who were leaving the ship.

When he reached Madden he was so breathless that he could barely answer Madden's gentle: "What was it?" After three tremendous intakings of air he managed to say: "The Boy Jockey from Artemision."

"So-o!" Madden pursed his lips and blew out the sound.

Thomas stood panting like a dog that demands a pat on the head before it will go.

Madden administered the pat. "Good work, beautifully timed. But beat it now unless you want to come with us!"

He watched the other go down the ladder, this time with the last of the stream. Thomas was palpably wagging his tail.

Over the rail Madden said very slowly to himself. "The Boy Jockey. It could tie up at that."

He felt in his breast pocket for the letter to Pero that Guido had brought to him at Floca's, and wondered gently if the gum of the flap would yield to steam.

To be continued next week

THE TREASURE OF BELDERRIG

Continued from page 25

wind whipped at me. I leaned against the corner of the shop and waited.

"Jackson!" The whisper came from my left. I turned, and could make out the small, dark eyes of Koglan.

"Yes?"

"It's true," he whispered, "every word is true. I know. I've seen it."

"So it's true!" I jeered hoarsely. "The old man said: 'Koglan, here's my treasure. Please don't steal it.'"

"Come down to my place and I'll tell you about it," said Koglan.

HE lived where the old lifeboat was once housed. It was a small, crumbling building. When we entered and Koglan lit the lamp, I saw that parts of the roof were open to the night. Smoke swirled from a few clods of turf in the fireplace.

Mike Koglan reached under a filthy pillow on the rough bed and pulled out a bottle. "Poteen," he said. "Better than Kelly's stuff."

He drew the cork with his teeth and poured a glass for me.

"Listen, Jackson," he said, "we can help each other. You're what I need—not one of them ignoramuses." He waved his good hand in the direction of Kelly's. My own contempt for the old men was suddenly pierced with anger against Koglan. I downed the poteen and my hand shook a little.

"We can do it," he said. "You and me, Jackson."

"Out with it," I said. "Where is it?"

He raised the bottle to his lips and gulped steadily.

"You see," he said, coming closer, "I used to see old Christie often out there on the cliffs. Then they told me at Kelly's they had heard him mumbling about some treasure. You know there's an old story about a galleon going down in the bay, hundreds of years ago. No one really believes it, of course. But maybe it's true, I thought, when I heard this about old Christie.

"At first, whenever he saw me coming he would hide. But I managed to get his confidence at last. Oh, I had to be patient and talk about everything except treasure. Then, the poteen helped. And my arm." He looked down at his withered arm and his lips twisted. I knew he was thinking of the night the station went up and he had tried to get his things out. A burning door had fallen on him.

He drank from the bottle again and went on: "Anyway, yesterday I had him in here. After a while he was pretty far gone with poteen. I suppose he reckoned a one-armed man wasn't much danger to him. He told me he couldn't open the box any more. He asked me to help him."

Koglan wiped the trickling drink from his chin. My heart slowed as I watched his ugly, flushed face.

"God, Jackson, there's enough for ten, never mind two."

I jumped at him and buried my fists in his shirt. "Where? Where is it?" I said, shaking him.

He looked at me and his eyes slowly lost their gleam. They became sad and tears welled up in them. "Beside . . . beside the old man's body."

For a moment I thought he was drunk and I was filled with rage. But

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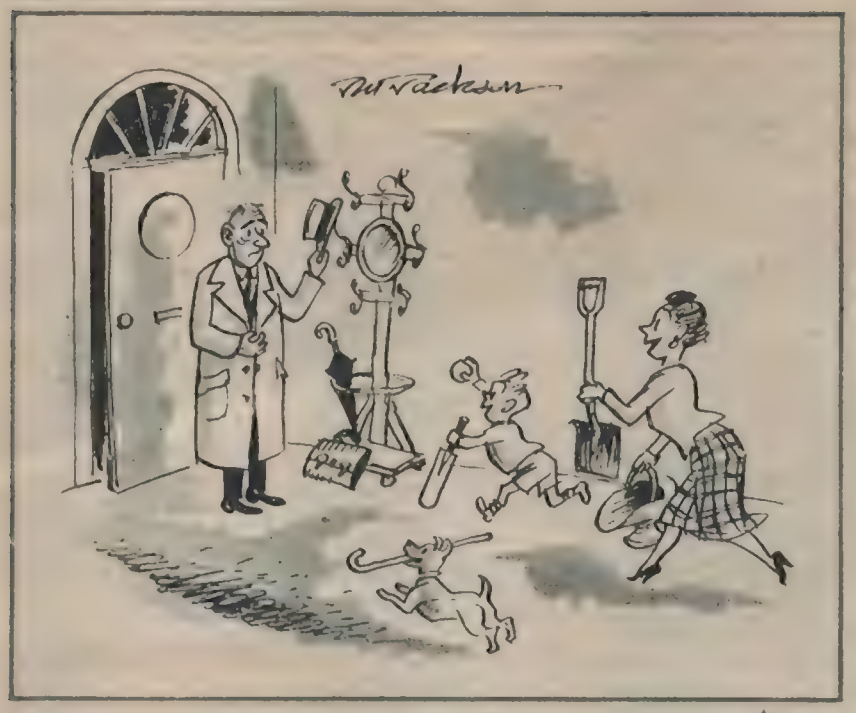

he went on: "Yesterday the old fellow and me managed to lift the lid. It's heavy and it has to be held open. I don't know what came over him. He gave a sort of whoop and his two hands let go to scoop up the coins. I couldn't hold it. I screamed at him, but he didn't seem to hear. It trapped him by the neck. I heard it snap."

I stared, unbelieving, at the tear-filled eyes. "But where is it, you fool?"

"He discovered a sort of cave in the cliff over at Malan Point. The stuff's in there, in a box. We can go tomorrow. I'll bring a steel bar for wedging the lid, ropes, sacks."

"Tomorrow?" I said thickly. "We'll go tonight!"

He giggled, his whole face alight.

"Tonight it is," he said. "We'll share it fifty-fifty. Fair enough?"

I nodded.

"Right then," he grinned. "I'll get the gear."

Koglan's storm lamp flickered yellowly as we made our way over the ruins of the old station and out along the clifftop to Malan Point. It took us more than an hour, but at last we stood on the cliff verge. From our boot-tips the ground fell straight down into the night and the angry threshing of the sea floated up to us.

"Down here," Koglan shouted against the wind. "I'll go first. I went down and up with one hand before."

Quickly we made fast the ropes to a nearby tree. Our actions were feverish as we lowered ourselves, kicking out against the cliff face. As we swung violently down there was only one thought in my mind. "This is the big find. This is it."

The crevice opened up in front of me and I swung into its blackness.

KOGLAN unhitched the glowing lamp from his belt and it lit up his features. A crazy glint was in his eyes and behind him his shadow loomed up on the rough wall of the cave.

Beyond the circle of light I could see a deepening of the shadows, a sort of bulky darkness.

It was a massive old box. Metal curved round its top in heavy bands. Kneeling in front of it, as though praying, was the dead body of the old man. His neck was caught in the partly opened lid of the chest.

"Poor old Christie," Koglan moaned.

Then I lunged forward. "Come on, let's open it."

He swung the lamp on to a ledge near the box and we hooked our fingers under the lid. "Pull!" I breathed.

It rose with a groan, as though we were wrenching at something human. With a quick movement Koglan had it jammed open with the steel bar.

The body, released from its trap, slid to one side at my feet. But my eyes were held by the heap of ancient coins in the box. I knew what they were immediately. I had studied them often in museums and coin dealers all over the world. Through the massive pile of dark Dupondii and Greek Oboli were a scattering of Silver Denarii, I felt a bubbling sensation in my stomach.

I reached in a shaking hand and scooped it over and over among the coins. I brought one of them out into the clearer light of the lamp. Yes, there was the balding head and scraggy neck of Claudius. Round the rim: "Claud. Caesar Aug."

"Are they genuine, Jackson? Are they real?"

I could hardly trust myself to answer. I felt I would burst into crazy laughter.

"Yes," I managed to croak, "they're genuine."

I LOOKED down at old Christie, seeing something of myself in his haggard dead face. Only then did I notice the knife that had been driven to the hilt in the body.

I jerked my face up to Koglan, and his little eyes glittered back at me. With a quick movement his hand swooped down and pulled the knife from the old man's body. He half-crouched before me.

"You think I'd share it with anyone," he said, grinning. "If the damned top hadn't fallen when I knifed him, I'd have had it yesterday."

I whipped my hand across on the steel bar, jerking it free. Koglan screamed with rage as the lid clanged down. Blood darkened his face and the knife streaked at me. I swerved and thumped the bar on his shoulder. The weapon dropped from his fingers.

Both of us leaped on it and we struggled in a cloud of dust. My fingers closed on the knife and I heaved myself over on top of him and put all my strength into the thrust.

I got to my feet, slowly, and watched the last signs of life leave him. I went over to the box and wrenched again at the lid, and stared down at the dark heap.

Weariness seemed to fill every pore of my body, but slowly I was filled with a shaking fear. It was the mental picture of Christie that caused it. I saw him when he was broad and strong, swinging that chest down to the crevice. I saw him in his lonely madness writing to dealers all over Europe, ordering up his own cheap treasure of battered coins, then guarding it like an ant does her eggs. For the heap of old Roman and Greek coins I was looking at was the "fool's gold" of the coin world. The whole boxful was worth about £8—if anyone would buy it.

For a moment they seemed to melt before my eyes and instead circular pieces of eight were glowing dreamily up at me.

I felt a strange surging elation that overcame my fear and I laughed out loud. The coins were still glowing and it was a loud, high-pitched giggle that filled the cave. THE END

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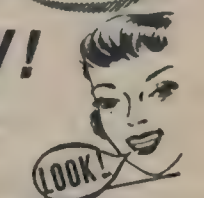

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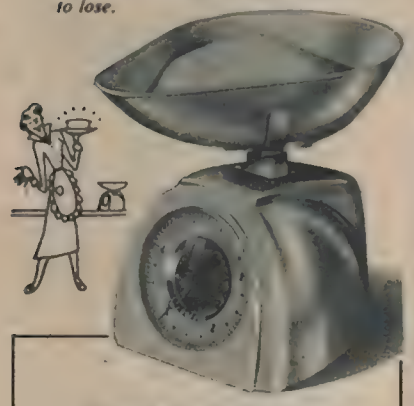

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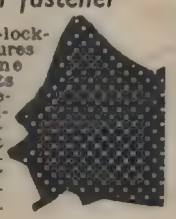

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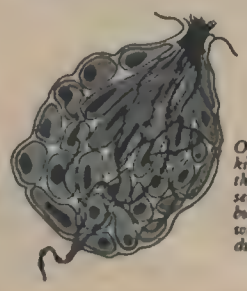

One of the many different kinds of nerve endings in the body; left, a cross-section through a taste-bud showing nerve endings which play a vital role in digestion.

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RAFAELLA

Continued from page 11

to reason with. Or rather, to coax, cajole and bully. At every pause in Madame Yevonde's harangue, she repeated: "No, no, I am a good girl. I must do what is right."

"Of course you are a good girl. But it does not follow that if you do what I wish, you will become a bad one. To be rich and famous does not imply that one is immoral. I will make you a great dancer, in the tradition of the great ones of your country—Grisi and Taglioni—the incomparable Taglioni who moved upon the stage with the lightness of a feather blown upon the summer breeze.

"Such names mean nothing to you, ignorant and graceless *cretina* that you are. But one day they will, if you do as I say. You will be admired and adored wherever you go. You will be painted and photographed by the leading artists of the world. Toasts will be drunk to you. Poems written to you. Is not this worth a few years' hard work and the sacrifice of a petty scruple."

MADAME YEVONDE continued: "You are a foolish child and cannot be expected to realize what I offer you. Perhaps I am wasting my time. Perhaps you are too foolish ever to make a great dancer. It is only because I cannot bear *waste* that I am trying so hard to persuade you. What will become of your youth, your beauty and your grace, when you have to toil like an animal on Gioacchino's farm and bear a dozen children in a dozen years?"

"It is my duty," Rafaella said dully. "It has been arranged. My place is here where my mother and *her* mother lived. None of us ever went away. Don Anselmo told me——"

Madame Yevonde could no longer control her exasperation. She stamped her foot.

"Come now, you are making me very angry. For the last time, will you come with me or not?"

Rafaella hung her head. She was too frightened to argue any more. After a moment Madame Yevonde said triumphantly: "Good, it is settled. You had better come straight away. I leave for Paris the day after tomorrow, and we have to buy you some clothes to travel in."

By the time she had tied her few belongings into a bundle, and a battered *carrozza* had been hired for the journey to Sorrento, Rafaella's spirits had risen again. She even slipped her hand into the signora's as they drove away, and said: "I am very hungry. Will there be *maccheroni* to eat where we are going?"

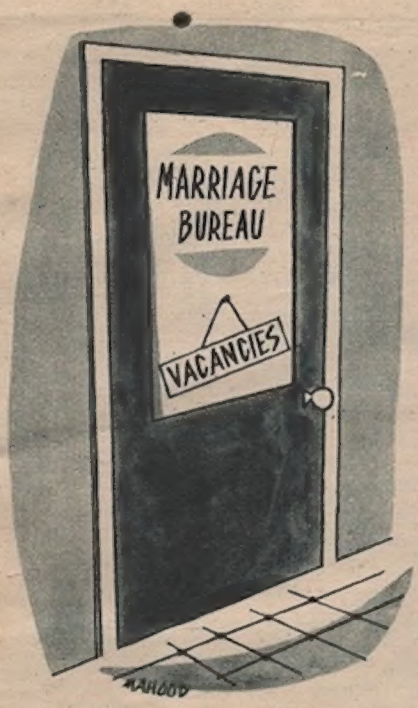
"There will be no more *maccheroni* for twenty years," said the signora grimly. "You have a figure to think of now. I kept mine till I was fifty."

FOR the next few years the great studio on the Boulevard Saint Germain rang with threats and encouragement, praise and abuse, as Madame Yevonde strove with Rafaella. It was a hard but not unrewarding task. The child had talent of a high and exciting order, and what she lacked in creative artistry she made up for by her beauty and ingenuous charm.

It took her some time to master the complicated French directions, but once a sequence of steps had been dinned into her head she could perform them with exquisite and faultless precision. And always when she danced she laughed with delight. Her teeth flashed like pearls. Her black hair, decked now with flowers and ribbons, flew about her face in a cloud. She was enchanting.

The young Prince Boukhovitch was not the only one who thought so. One day he brought with him to the studio, where friends of Madame Yevonde were sometimes permitted to watch her pupils at work, a famous photographer.

The photographer made a series of studies of Rafaella which were exhibited in a salon on the rue Boetie, and caused a sensation. One of them



was published in a newspaper and in an American magazine.

It was a portrait study. Her head was shown cupped in her hands, the great eyes pensive, half hidden under the heavy lashes. Caught thus in repose, the face appeared flawless.

The hands of the girl in the photograph were white, fragile, oval-tipped. No one would have known them for the rough and grimy little paws of Rafaella Scarpa, who had once carried soil for a vineyard in the mountains above Sorrento.

People began to talk about the lovely protégée of La Tamanova. Sometimes quite a little crowd gathered in the studio to watch her in her routine work at the bar. *Jeté, plié, chassée, entrechat, pirouette*—she passed from one exquisite movement to the next.

"She has a great future," said a director of the Théâtre Couronne.

"She has a face like an angel," sighed the young Prince Boukhovitch, who cared nothing for her future.

RAFAELLA herself seemed suitably grateful for her translation into a new sphere of life. She worked hard, was very modest and obedient and never once referred to the circumstances of her departure from home. She went regularly to church and to confessional. Only when anyone spoke of Italy was she silent; the dimple of laughter would disappear from her face, leaving it grave and flawless.

She was now eighteen and her début had been arranged with the ballet of the Théâtre Couronne. She had been allotted the signal honour of a *pas de deux* with Basilov.

There was a preliminary notice about her in all the newspapers. The vestibule of the theatre was hung with pastel drawing of her profile, her back, her feet.

Flowers came for her every day—nearly all of them from Prince Boukhovitch, who was by now her most frequent escort. On the hectic Saturday preceding her début he spent five hours at her costumiers, appearing to enjoy every second of the time. Rafaella seemed happy and absorbed in all these preparations.

It was, therefore, the greatest shock for everybody when, three days before the performance, she disappeared.

It was supposed, since Prince Boukhovitch vanished from Paris at about the same time, that she had eloped with him.

She took only a few of her plainer clothes in a small suitcase and left no word in explanation of her conduct.

There was consternation at the studio and at the theatre. The press made a front-page story of the missing dancer for a few days, and then forgot her.

Madame Yevonde was at first so

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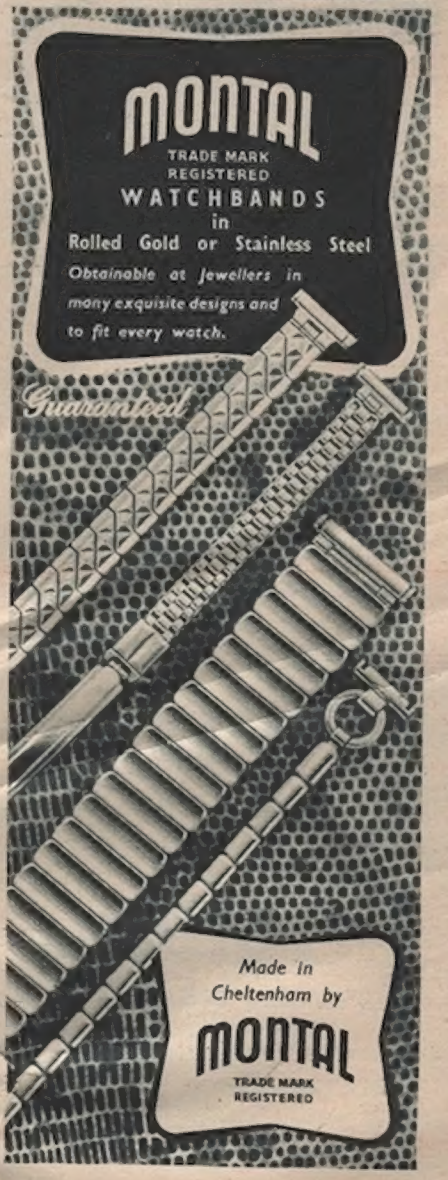

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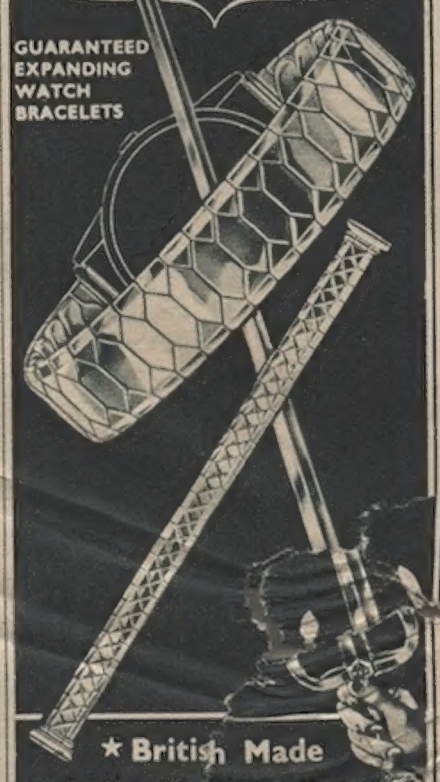

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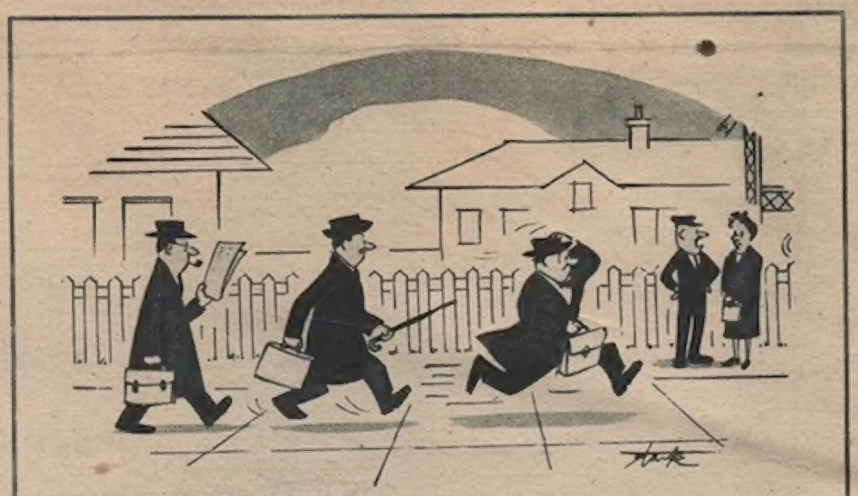

"Same performance every morning—Mr. Dalgleish for the eight thirty, Mr. Barclay for the eight thirty-one, and Mr. Dunn for the eight thirty-two"

furiously angry that she had a slight stroke and took to her bed for a month. Her mood changed, however, with the course of her illness, to one of self pity, for she had been bitterly hurt. She had loved the child and had come to regard her not as a star pupil but as an adopted daughter.

Ten years later Madame Yevonde came again to her villa in Sorrento. This time she came by car, for she was too old and infirm to stand the long train journey. In the dusk of a spring evening she drove through Naples; but she lay back among the cushions with closed eyes and did not see the gay Italian crowds.

She was not much interested in anything any more. She was too tired. Her mind held only the beckoning vision of her villa with its sunny terrace and wistaria-scented garden. There she could lie and sleep in the sunshine and be at peace. In the studio on the Boulevard Saint Germain the assertive head assistant held sway.

Madame Yevonde dozed.

On the outskirts of the city her chauffeur mistook the road. Instead of the *autostrada* which followed the coast he took a roundabout course that led into the fringe of the mountains.

Through the open windows stole the perfume of orange flowers and jasmine. Soft and grey in the dusk stretched the olive groves. Goats bleated. The air was cool and fresh and carried the faint sweet chiming of vesper bells from some distant church.

Madame Yevonde roused from her half-dream and said sharply: "This is the wrong road. We had better stop in the next village and ask where we are."

"*Oui, madame,*" said the man, and drew up at the first house he came to. It was set back from the road a little way, beside a vineyard. From the open door of the kitchen came the glow of charcoal and the steam of cooking-pots. Four children played on the threshold, barefooted, dirty.

When the chauffeur imperiously sounded his horn three more came tumbling out of the house, followed by a woman carrying a baby. Her figure was heavy and thick under the dingy cotton dress, her hair dragged into a slatternly knot, her feet in clogs. She clattered down to the gate and stood gazing at the car in cheerful curiosity. The children clamoured round, pointing, tugging at her skirts.

From within the house a man's voice called out something. The woman shouted back in Neapolitan. Then she peered in through the window of the car and her face broke into a joyful smile of recognition.

"Madame Yevonde!" she said. "Don't you know me?"

Madame Yevonde's heart constricted with shock. The pain of it made her press her hand to her side.

"It is Rafaella." Her voice came out in little more than a whisper and for a moment she could not believe that she had guessed aright.

As in a dream, she alighted and took Rafaella's strong, work-worn hand in hers. They gazed at each other in silence. Madame Yevonde looked at the sleeping baby, at the large-eyed children, at Rafaella's fat, contented, already lined face.

"What has happened?" she asked at length, licking her lips. "Who has brought you to this?"

"I brought myself, madame."

"You came back freely?"

Rafaella nodded. "I could no longer resist."

"Without a word of explanation to me?"

"I am sorry——"

"Sorry!" Madame Yevonde cried, so that Rafaella stepped back and clutched the baby tighter. "Is this all you can say? After the years of hard work I gave? To run away, without a word to me, to this—this pig-sty?"

The children had closed in round Rafaella, who now lowered her head for a moment. When she raised it, her eyes were troubled. "How could you understand?" she said, and then, in confusion, and trying to soften the words, "That is, we are different people, madame. It was too difficult to tell you how I felt. For me, dancing was only a part of my life. Not a very important part. All the time, my heart was here."

"Not important," Madame Yevonde whispered. "It was not important?" She felt suddenly faint and motioned the chauffeur to help her into the car.

She did not look at Rafaella again.

Later that evening, stretched in a long cane chair on the terrace of her villa, Madame Yevonde allowed herself to draw back the curtains of the mental shrine which housed the Rafaella she had kept in her heart these many years.

Strangely enough, she could not see what she sought to evoke—the girl caught in a pool of limelight, the white arms, the delicate, flashing feet. It was lost, obscured by that other vision of a few hours ago.

As Rafaella had stepped back in the face of her anger, the children had closed in round their mother, their faces upturned like flowers, the eyes enormous and frightened. It was magnificent unconscious grouping and it had impressed Madame Yevonde.

"Not important," the old lady muttered again to herself now, but there was something of inquiry in her tone. Through a chink in a lifetime's experience she had caught a glimpse, this afternoon, of another world, of another set of values. *Such wonderful grouping.*

Madame Yevonde sighed.

She had lived her life and most of her dilemmas were resolved, and this one could not tease her for long. She sipped her coffee. The world had lost an entrancing artist; that was certain. But several little Italians had gained a mama. It was not a bargain she would ever have made herself. But for this evening, for this moment, she was prepared to concede that it was not such a bad one.

THE END

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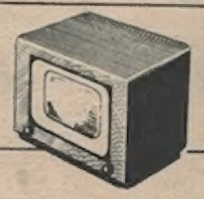

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated November 12 and in JOHN BULL dated November 19), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 5, for early news of No. 2,010 result.)

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